

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MAY 1, 1937

NOTATIONS

JOHN FARROW is engaged as a Director for Warner Brothers. Born in Australia, educated in England, formerly a soldier, a sailor, an adventurer in two South American revolutions, he arrived in Hollywood and engaged in motion-picture work as writer and director. He bears honored decorations from several foreign Governments for distinguished services rendered. Perhaps his most permanent fame, up till now, will come from his latest book, *Damien the Leper*, dedicated to Archbishop Cantwell, with a foreword by Hugh Walpole. . . . OWEN B. MCGUIRE once more enters among the who's who with his second article on the Basques. Latest reports from Spain indicate that the majority Basques are finding their Communist and Anarchist allies insufferable. . . . THE EDITOR once more, and still reluctantly, must express his differences with the Managing Editor of the *Commonweal*. The Spanish situation demands a vigorous and decisive determination on the part of American Catholics.

NEXT WEEK, John A. Toomey will reduce to its silliest, yet most serious, absurdity the claim of those American Catholics who profess lofty neutrality in regard to Spain.

GIL ROBLES, leader of the Acción Popular, greatest statesman and most eloquent Catholic leader in Spain, will contribute four articles on the causes and conditions of the Spanish Civil War. This series will begin in our issue of May 15. Its importance cannot be measured. When Gil Robles speaks, every American must listen.

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COMMENT

SUFFICIENT surprise was the appearance within the space of a few days of three great world documents from the hand of our beloved Pontiff. But as the official text of these documents reaches us, there is another surprise. They are written in three different languages, like the inscription over the Saviour's Cross. The Encyclical on Atheistic Communism, *Divini Redemptoris*, is in the traditional Latin language, as befits a message of wholly universal import. The Apostolic Letter on the religious situation in Mexico is in Spanish, entitled from its first words: *Nos es muy conocida* (*There is well known to us*), while the Encyclical on the situation in Germany is in German. That the Holy Father wrote of Mexico in Spanish, instead of the customary Latin, French, or Italian, was to add a thoughtful human touch to his manifestation of sympathy for Mexico's afflicted Church and people. New, startling indeed from the standpoint of tradition, is the use of German, a non-Romance or Northern language, for an Encyclical to the Universal Church. The text of *Mit brennender Sorge* (*With burning anxiety*) leaves no doubt of the Holy Father's precise mind as to the verbal terms therein discussed, that are fraught with significance for Church, Government and people in Germany. It is a supra-national, not an international Pope who speaks to each nation in its own tongue, yet speaks to all as members of the one great human family.

and transportation in Ohio, is no special subsidy of supererogation or privilege but an attempt at equalization of burdens and of non-discrimination against the religious conscience.

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SEVERAL of our contemporaries published recently an interesting little item stating that a member of AMERICA's editorial Staff is a "grandson of Admiral Perry, who opened Japan to the Western World." In general this observation is correct, except that the associate editor in question is: 1. not Perry's grandson but his great-grandson; 2. that great-grandpa was a Commodore, not an Admiral; 3. that the Commodore Perry from whom, etc., was the Battle-of-Lake-Erie O. H. Perry, and not his brother Matthew C. who sailed to Japan. Now comes the *Reader's Digest* for May, and in a book-condensed article taken from Edward Barrows, *The Great Commodore*, i.e. M. C. Perry, retails Mr. Barrows' astonishing private information that soon after Christianity had been introduced into Japan "the Spanish Franciscans and their allies, the Dominicans, against whom the Jesuits had for decades bespattered Europe with Christian blood, began to cast jealous eyes at their brothers in religion on the Yellow Sea." Then, says Mr. Barrows, developed a "triangular fight—Dutch Protestants, Jesuits and Franciscans." Why does Mr. Barrows waste time on the relatively tame doings of Uncle Calbraith Perry? The story of the Great War when Jesuits deluged Europe with Franciscan and Dominican blood would outsell *Gone with the Wind*. Jesuit Generals leading cavalry charges against embattled Franciscan Guardians! Night ambush of Jesuit Rectors by camouflaged Licentiates on the plains of Lombardy! Mass troop formation of *De Auxiliis*! Here is a flamboyant challenge to Mr. Barrows and the *Reader's Digest*. Even Uncle Calbraith's beetling countenance would grin, were he living today, to find how many errors, little and big, can be neatly packed into a small space by the digest process.

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REFERRING to the bills pending before the Ohio Legislature which have for object a lightening of the double educational load borne by members of the Catholic Church as a penalty for their religious convictions, the non-denominational Protestant weekly, *The Christian Century*, calls peremptorily for their defeat. "They ought to be defeated—unless, fully realizing what it is doing, Ohio wants to revolutionize its system of public education." We beg to suggest to our contemporary that the enactment of such legislation would not prove as revolutionary as it thinks. The revolution began with Horace Mann, who introduced the secular system of State education into a country that hitherto paid its due heed of recognition to Christianity in the important and fundamental function of education. It is not a question whether our public schools should remain detached from sectarian control with no other schools maintained or subsidized by taxation. It is rather a question whether the religious convictions of a large body in a country that still calls itself Christian should be financially penalized by reason of these religious convictions and its steadfast adherence to the teaching and practices of Christianity. The Catholic Church asks for no sectarian control of the State school; the appropriation sought per child, together with free textbooks

FOR our information *News-Week* reveals that "the State Department won't prosecute Americans who falsified (italics inserted) passport applications in order to go to the aid of Spanish Government forces, because it is convinced that U. S. sentiment strongly favors loyalists." On what authority the above information is proffered we do not know, but whether that of the State Department or merely gratuitously advanced by *News-Week*, exception must be taken on several grounds. An applicant for a passport swears that the answers to the questions asked are true to the best of his knowledge, and deliberately to falsify these statements is perjury punishable by law. But there is another serious

indictment against our informant for this enlightening bit of news. The present Congress has passed a neutrality bill, occasioned by the present Spanish crisis, in which the United States Government pledges itself to prevent, by every means in its power, aid or abetment of either faction in a civil war. The Government is therefore bound by the enactment of the legislature to prevent the exportation of munitions or men to either faction and to prosecute all who dare violate it. It follows conclusively that citizens of the United States, who are known to have falsified their passport applications for the purpose of circumventing this enactment of Congress, are guilty before the law and therefore must be punished. In confirmation we quote the official statement of the Department of State to the American Red Cross: "Pending the cessation of civil war in Spain all applicants for European passports will be required to make affidavit they will not enter Spain. Violation of this pledge will subject violators to prosecution for perjury on their return." The *News-Week*'s comment opens itself to a further inference, namely, that a citizen, on the contrary, falsifying his passport application in order to join the side of the Nationalists in Spain would be prosecuted, as in reality he should be, in virtue of the neutrality bill. However, to prosecute in the one instance and not in the other would be unjust discrimination, which is not to be tolerated. Finally, we take exception to the categoric assertion that sentiment in the United States strongly favors the Red Government.

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COMMUNION breakfasts of Catholic social, benevolent and other societies are just now in full swing. Our Monday morning papers feature the speeches delivered at these breakfasts by public officials, local and national, some even not Catholic, who through official capacity are invited to address the communicants. Like everything else there has been an evolution here. The Communion breakfasts started in parish halls and school auditoriums, and in their beginnings were a laudable incentive to foster and promote worthy parish and beneficent organizations. Today, at worst, they look more like propagandized political rallies wherein politicians and social cranks avail themselves of a sympathetic audience of, at times, a few thousands without any cost and under most desirable conditions. At best, the form these Communion rallies have taken would seem to be altogether dissident from and repellent to the momentous event that occasions them. Today with anti-clerical rumblings in the air and certainly with much soul-searching, here is something in the way of salutary reform that can and ought to receive immediate attention. Let us keep the society Communions but cut off the unsavory appendage.

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THROWING up her hands in horror, Mrs. Margaret Sanger declared: "The people of the State should demand a public hearing.... What an alarming proposition!" Beaming with joy, Mrs. Thomas A. McGoldrick exclaimed: "I consider it a fine

smack in the eye for birth-control." Thus, the two protagonists viewed the proposal which passed the New York State Assembly whereby \$75 would be contributed toward the expense of baby-bearing. Mrs. Sanger has kept more children out of life than any other woman in the United States. It might be said that, through the effects of her propagandizing, she has also been responsible for more violations of the Divine law. "The very people who would avail themselves of this opportunity are the ones who shouldn't propagate," the dictator of lives continued; in this, Mrs. Sanger presumes to powers equal to those claimed by Father Divine. Mrs. McGoldrick, who believes that God knows what is best for the world, believes also that the Assembly knows what is best for New York. "Every progressive thing that makes it easier for a mother at an extremely difficult time, when everything is so expensive, means going forward," was her wise and tender comment.

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STUDENT "Peace strike" demonstrations held last week call for an investigation on the part of the Government of the forces behind the movement. The malady is growing and it is high time that something should be done about it. Begun in a modest way two years ago the demonstration has grown with leaps and bounds to such an extent that it is conservative to say that more than 500,000 college and high school students participated in the "strike" this year on April 22. It is obvious that the movement is radical in its origin and its aim. The principal instigators are the American Student Union and the American League Against War and Fascism. A glance at the names of the directors of both these organizations proclaims them "red" to the core. The very trend of the demonstration reveals the tendency. The tenor of addresses made to assembled students was an attack on Germany, Italy and Spain. No mention was made of Russia and France, and any reliable source will show that these two nations are the outstanding protagonists of war in the world today. Russia maintains the largest standing army in the world, and her war preparations far exceed that of any nation in the world. France has maintained more than a half million men in arms since the World War. She has billions of francs to spend on munitions, formidable standing armies, prodigious border fortifications, but has refused consistently to pay one cent of her just war debt to the United States. The student "peace strike" movement is not even subtle in its attack. It is patently a move on the part of Communist sources to foment the worst of all wars, class war. The elements behind it are radical, subversive, undemocratic. They aim to stampede a group of heedless youths into taking an American form of the cowardly slacker "Oxford" oath. The task undertaken by the National Catholic Alumni Federation of exposing this hideous Communist monster is praiseworthy in the highest terms. Let the Federation unmask the Moscow traitor and save our American youth for unadulterated American Democracy.

FURTHER REFLECTIONS ON THE SPANISH SITUATION

A brief finale on the position of Catholics

THE EDITOR

FURTHER reflections on Spain are offered by George N. Shuster to the readers of the *Commonweal* in the issue of April 23. They conclude what he has to say on the subject of the mild controversy that has arisen between us over the bloodiest and most inhuman tragedy of the times, over the conflict between the two mightiest materialistic forces that are now afflicting the world of men and that will affect men of this world for centuries to come. I hope to write of these forces and this tragedy under other aspects, but, with Mr. Shuster, I shall briefly conclude my views in the present controversy.

What I foretold about Mr. Shuster's earlier article has happened. It has comforted many a Communist's soul. It has been good news to editors and orators infected with the Marxist principles. It has been quoted with approbation by the newspapers propagandizing for the Spanish Reds. It has been utilized as a proof that the really enlightened Catholics are favorable to Caballero's Spanish Democracy. Mr. Shuster would indignantly shake off such plaudits, but the praise will continue to be showered upon his unwilling brow.

With honesty and humility, Mr. Shuster reaffirms: "I know very little about Spain." He adds: "But no harm is done by adding that neither does Father Talbot." In this we disagree. My head is stuffed as full of Spanish knowledge as the skin of a Malaga grape is full of Spanish juice. For nearly a year now I have been reading every scrap of printed knowledge on which I could lay my eyes. I have been listening to every sound of Spanish talk that has been within earshot. I write only about what I know. Otherwise, I do not write. I have written much about Spain and intend to write more. "What can we really know?" asks Mr. Shuster. Plenty, brother, plenty. Mr. Shuster can know as much about Spain as he knows about Germany, Italy, France and Russia. He is an authority on those nations.

A fair analysis of Mr. Shuster's position would seem to resolve into something like the following propositions. He yearns for the reign of Christ as the Prince of Peace. He damns war. He hates Nazism terrifically, Fascism moderately, and dreads the day of their world-domination. He warns

against identification of Catholicism with Fascism in any form. In as far as Communism stems from the same root as Fascism and bears the same poisonous fruits, he reacts against it violently. He is opposed to every form of a totalitarian state, every species of a dictator, every kind of tyranny. He looks to the establishment of a Christian democracy. When Mr. Shuster expounds such propositions, I listen with attention and give approval.

But then he discusses Spain. He damns the Spanish Civil War, as we all do. He condemns Fascism as well as Communism in Spain, and in that he is reasonable. But he cannot stop the Spanish extermination, cannot stem the Fascist nor the Communistic upflow any more than the twenty-seven non-intervention nations can prevent the Spaniards from fighting till the last bullet is exploded. All that he can do, or that I can do, is to pray and hope that Spain may bring itself safely through its heart-rending crisis, is to use his influence in upholding those who seem better qualified to rehabilitate Spain and lead the Spanish people nearer to Christ.

Two extreme forces are fighting desperately for supremacy. One force has always professed itself anti-God, has acted anti-God before February, 1936, before July, 1936, and so acts at the present moment. Can Mr. Shuster believe that this extreme force will ever be anything but anti-God if it conquers the two-thirds of Spain now held by the other extreme force? If he writes on Spain again, Mr. Shuster must make clear what he believes Largo Caballero and the Valencia and Barcelona juntas will make of Catholic Spain if they ever conquer it.

What the extreme force of Communism has already done to Spain is not a matter of speculation. What it will do has already been written down on the record. But, will this extreme force of Communism head the Spanish Government if the Loyalists win the Civil War? Mr. Shuster cannot deny that the Communists will control that Government, that they will establish a Spanish Soviet. He seems to be not too fearful of such a contingency. But I am, and the vast, overwhelming majority of Catholics in Spain, in the United States, throughout the world, from the Pope down to the school-boy capable of thinking, is much concerned about the emergence of a Sovietized Spain.

The terror that is on Mr. Shuster is the possible victory of the other extreme force and the establishment of a form of Spanish Fascism. I am well aware of the evils that Nazism and Fascism bring upon the individual, and I know well what Communism does to the individual. Either one ideology or the other will gain the upper control in Spain, either one or the other will rule the individual in Spain. Mr. Shuster repeats and repeats emphatically: "I want neither." But Mr. Shuster must take one or the other, for no other choice is possible. It is Red Spain or White Spain.

Another thought that terrorizes Mr. Shuster is the identification of Catholicism with Fascism. The Catholic Church is apart from and above such identification. There is no danger of His Holiness succumbing to the temptation which Mr. Shuster fears, even though some of the hierarchy and the clergy may "fail to see the evident perils of the Fascist State." The universal Catholic Church has lived through too many forms of Government to be captured and ruined by any one form. And the national Churches have always righted themselves eventually after any actual or presumed alliance with a subversive form of Government. But here is the point: a collaboration with Fascism is possible for the Catholic Church; a collaboration with

Communism is absolutely impossible for the Catholic Church. Mr. Shuster can be a Fascist and a fervent Catholic; he cannot be a Communist and a Catholic. He is a Catholic and fervent, thank God.

Perhaps it would be better to conclude without reference to Mr. Shuster's two leading questions. If requested, I shall joyfully reply at length; but a brief word, I think, is sufficient. He asks: "Were Caballero a devoted Catholic, on which side would the outlook for social justice lie?" On the Catholic side; with Caballero and Franco clasped in close friendship. He writes: "And so let us ask ourselves the final and the only important question: why is Caballero not a devoted Catholic?" For the same reason that Judas was not, that Ananias was not, that Pelagius and Nestorius and Arius were not, that Luther and Megapolensis and Calvin were not, that Voltaire was not, that Stalin and Hitler and Cárdenas are not, that some noted Americans are not.

Before signing-off completely, I do wish to assure the readers of AMERICA and of the *Commonweal* that I appreciate Mr. Shuster's reference to me as: "My good friend Father Talbot." And I hope always to be able to write, as I do now most sincerely, my greetings to and my deep respect for my good friend George Shuster.

A PRIEST IN THE NAZI COURT

Portrait of a man accused of high treason

CERARD DONNELLY, S.J.



THE Nazi strategists never did have a very good sense of timing, and in their latest effort to discredit the Catholic Church they could hardly have chosen a more unfortunate moment. Here is the Pope mopping his brow, still breathing hard and scarcely recovered from the effort of his blast against Marxism. Yet the Hitler agents select this moment to drag a group of Catholics before the courts on a ridiculous charge.

The noisy burlesque of justice now being staged in the People's Court in Berlin is, of course, the third attack in the anti-Church drive that began with the foreign-exchange trials and then proceeded to the immorality charges. What with the German newspapers playing up the affair in headlines usu-

ally reserved for a message from LaGuardia, it has doubtless been successful in arousing a measurable degree of anti-Catholic feeling, at least inside of Germany. And yet from the purely Catholic angle the testimony has not lacked compensations. For one thing it has held up to the world's eyes the portrait of a noble Catholic priest.

The trial has already made it apparent that Father Joseph Rossant is an extraordinary person. A manic-depressive government has charged him with being the brains and leading spirit of this plot, and a slavish press has smeared him as an evil genius endowed with all the talents of Judas, Dale Carnegie, Dr. Mary Woolley, and Leon Trotsky. But even had he never been haled before the comic

Judge Engert, he is a man who sooner or later would have won wide public attention. For Father Rossaint, it seems, understands the Gospel teachings about love of neighbor in a rather literal sense. Moreover, he appears to have followed those teachings in such direct and simple fashion that he upset the prudent, the cautious and the go-easy advocates even among his own co-religionists.

Perhaps, then, it is more than a mere coincidence that the astonishing facts of his ministry should be publicized by the present court drama, whereas it was only a few weeks ago that we were reading the Pope's stirring appeal to the clergy.

That appeal, particularly when taken in conjunction with the previous letter on the priesthood, makes it clear that what the Pope demands from his rank-and-file clergy just now is an increase of strenuous pioneer labor. This, the Holy Father insists, is a time of supreme crisis. The old time-honored methods of the apostolate will no longer do at all. Even the newer and better methods used during more recent years are wholly inadequate. The Church's chief purpose today is to win those who know nothing of Christ and to infuse Christianity into quarters where it is least at home. Every other pastoral enterprise must be subordinate to this purpose, and the Pope points out how the thing is to be done:

Go to the workingman, especially when he is poor; and in general, go to the poor. . . . Let our parish priests dedicate the best part of their endeavors and their zeal to winning back the laboring masses. . . . Especially needed is the example of a life which is humble, poor, and disinterested. . . . The priest who is really poor and disinterested can work marvels.

Those are words of high counsel. But at the moment I quote them chiefly because they seem to offer an accurate pen picture of the priest now on trial for his life before the Nazi tribunal. The facts about Father Rossaint which are set down here were taken not from the newspapers but from the lips of a recent German refugee—a highly educated person who lived in Father Rossaint's own parish and who knew the priest intimately for nine years.

A German citizen by birth, Father Rossaint is a young man, only thirty-four years of age. Up to the time of his arrest he served as curate in the Marienkirche, in populous Dusseldorf. In appearance, my informant says ruefully, "he is nothing less than a sight, so that all his people laugh at him." These amiable chuckles, however, are not occasioned by any queerness of physical feature for the priest is athletic, well-built and more than ordinarily prepossessing. The difficulty is that he believes, like Saint Martin of Tours, that any decent bit of clothing he may have is something to be stripped from his back and given on the spot to any poor man who happens to need it. This idea has led him into an amazing series of garment swaps, with the result that his general appearance is something notable, even in the slums of Dusseldorf. No doubt this is extremism, but there it is. My refugee tells me that at least two or three times friends have passed a hat and sent the priest to

a tailor—only to find him next day dressed as curiously as before and telling a story about someone he had found in want.

Six priests served the Marienkirche, and following the local custom (which will seem strange to American readers) each lived in a separate home. Father Rossaint's apartment, a poor little flat opening directly on the street, was famous throughout the section because its door was never locked. Day and night the little home was open to anyone seeking food or shelter, and this was an invitation which the poor and unemployed accepted with alacrity and in impressive numbers. No questions were ever asked of these visitors, particularly no questions about their creed or politics. It was a refuge where out-of-luck Socialists were as welcome as persecuted Jews and where homeless Catholics might find themselves sharing the fire's warmth with shivering Lutherans. Evidence in the current trial has shown that on several occasions, while Storm Troopers and secret police were combing the city in search of some luckless Communist, the fellow slept snugly in the priest's little flat.

For the story of Father Rossaint's activities I am again indebted to my refugee. Although the priest was an excellent curate and scrupulous about his parish duties, his chief interest seemed to lie beyond the loyal parishioners who crowded into the church to hear his excellent Sunday sermons. His heart was with those who failed to come to church at all or with those to whom all worship was mockery. He seemed to think only of the young people taught by Nazi youth counselors that Christianity was a sham; of the poor and unemployed too wretched to give a thought at all to God or duty; of the radicals who believed that religion was a drug; of the Catholics frightened from their faith by government pressure. Father Rossaint never believed in the Little Bo-Peep method of getting the lost sheep home; he thought it his duty to go out from his church to find them.

That is why, for instance, at a crowded meeting of Communists in Oberhausen he walked on the platform unannounced and in clerical dress (such as it was) to lecture the astonished comrades on the soul's need for God and religion. That is why he visited the Youth Camps, made himself at home somewhat to the annoyance of the campers, and wound up by winning their hearts and many of their souls. He was to be seen often in the city lots of Dusseldorf surrounded by furious young men, their football game forgotten in the heat of argument about God and morality. I am afraid that he paid little heed to parish lines and ranged the country rather freely and spoke out boldly when some of his fellow priests thought silence or caution the wiser policy. But, my informant assures me, his apostolate was chiefly one of personal approach to the unfortunate. Wherever there was poverty or suffering or persecution or spiritual need, there Father Rossaint was to be found.

His parishioners, who have watched his ministry during the ten years of his priesthood, insist that he is a saint. The rest of us may admit at least that he measures up to the Pope's Encyclical.

LAW AND ORDER EXPOUNDED BY A CUMBERLAND SHERIFF

He also owns shares in the coal companies

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

TEN years ago, a dejected individual looked out on a sad world from behind the bars of a Federal penitentiary. Had the prisoner, then serving a brief sentence because of his activities as a bootlegger, been able to cast a seeing eye into the future, all the world would have been bathed in a roseate glow. He would have perceived himself installed as sheriff of Harlan county, in the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

Now Harlan county has never been known as a region over which broods the dove of peace. Men there have always been quick on the trigger, and they have been quicker ever since labor troubles began to harass the miners. An accurate picture of Harlan county was presented not long ago by a judge in granting a change of venue to a prisoner accused of wilful murder. He allowed the request, he said, because

It is personally known to the judge that for several years past there has been more crime in Harlan county than in any other county in the Commonwealth; that there has been an almost total disregard of law and of the life and liberty of the people; that there now exist more than 800 Commonwealth cases on the county docket, many of the charges being against the Middleton family; and that a great deal of intimidation of witnesses has taken place in the county so that local jurymen are afraid to do their duty.

One point to be noted here is that the sheriff of Harlan county is a member of the Middleton family. The other is that government long ago broke down in Harlan county. This collapse explains why the Senate committee on civil liberties, under the chairmanship of Senator LaFollette, is now investigating labor conditions in the coal fields of Harlan and of adjacent counties. Admissions made before the Committee show very clearly how free government and civilized government came to an end in Harlan county. The law-enforcing bodies, particularly the sheriff and his deputies, are controlled by the operators of the coal mines. What these gentlemen desire is a government which will aid them in forcing the miner to take what they offer as a wage, or suffer the consequences. It appears that in Harlan they have secured what they desire.

In a manner of speaking, Sheriff Middleton realizes that all is not well in Harlan. As to his deputies,

appointed by him subject to approbation by the court, he told the Committee: "I gets the best men I kin." One of these best men is the sheriff's own brother, characterized by the judge of the county court as "one of the most dangerous men in Harlan county." Of the 163 deputies now on the staff, fourteen have been convicted under State laws of crimes of violence, two have served time in Federal penitentiaries and thirty-four have been indicted at various times by the local authorities for criminal offenses.

But this tale does not complete the description of Harlan county's law-enforcement agency. In the last three years, the sheriff has had more than 300 deputies. Of these only about six are paid by the State. The others are commissioned by the courts, but draw their wages from the coal companies, and belong to them body and soul. Out of this grimy crew, about forty have been indicted or convicted of crimes and offenses such as mayhem, assault, manslaughter, detaining a woman, stealing ballot boxes, carrying concealed weapons and drunken driving. If the sheriff picks the best in Harlan county, standards must be fairly low in that region.

However, the sheriff is not exclusively an arm of the law. He owns shares in several coal companies, and an interest in a company store for which he paid \$2,500, but from which he derives an annual return of \$2,400. With the county judge and the county treasurer, he is part owner of a wholesale liquor establishment in the town of Harlan. This politico-financial alliance is extremely useful, since licenses to retail liquor in the county are granted or denied largely through the influence of the county judge. One would not be far wrong in concluding that the sheriff of Harlan county is a canny financier, but he is more than this. He is a tower of strength to owners of coal mines forced to deal with miners who actually ask a living wage, and make similar preposterous demands.

It is not healthy to stage a strike in Harlan county. Strikers are apt to become injured. When the sheriff owns stock in several coal mines, and the companies own most of his deputies, and the Commonwealth attorney, as the prosecutor is styled, received a monthly fee of \$100 from a coal corporation, it is not hard to see what will happen

when labor exercises its legal and natural right to organize. If the past indicates something of the future, strikers can be disabled or shot to death without arousing in the law-enforcement agencies more than a passing flicker of interest.

In Harlan county employers are authorized to bargain collectively with a gun, with sticks of dynamite, and, when they can secure him, with a sheriff trained to obey orders. After Congressman Gavan finishes with his anti-lynching bill, or the Senate finishes him with it, he might turn his attention to Harlan county. Mountaineers are not always secure against economic lynching. They certainly are not in Harlan county.

"ABOUT THE SAME"

KINDLY fate recently brought under my eyes a re-print of an article published in the *Virginia Journal of Education* for December, 1936, under the title *The Road to Reality*. I at once conceived a long-distance fondness for the author, J. H. Dillard. We are of one blood, he and I, to quote Mowgli, and I wish we could sit in the shade of my arbor and discuss men and matters through a long, lazy afternoon.

Mr. Dillard's theme was education, which ought to be, he thinks, a road to reality. The aim of education should not be to fill the youngster with a mass of information, making him a walking edition of the *World Almanac*, but to train him "to attain the power and habit of seeing real values and making true judgments in all his contacts." Hence the teacher must be careful to develop in the pupil the power of thinking definitely, precisely, accurately.

Now almost any textbook incubated at Teachers College, Columbia, can tell us what education is. But I do not know of one that would agree with Mr. Dillard when he writes:

It is most interesting to realize that all these high consequences look back to the simple problem of the school room. It all goes back to an elementary method about which there is no deep mystery. It all goes back to the determination of the teacher to insist that George must work his arithmetic example and write his English exercise correctly. It all goes back to schooling George in the practice of being honest and thorough in his thinking, and of being accurate in what he learns and does.

Any young teacher just out of normal school can tell Mr. Dillard—and probably will—how wrong he is. Will Mr. Dillard please step to the front and occupy the dunce's stool next to mine? Allow me to help you in fitting the cap to your head, Mr. Dillard. From long usage I have learned to wear mine at just the proper angle. As we sit here, companions in a disgrace in which we glory, let me tell you a tale.

Once upon a time I went up to the city to look at some books and pictures. In my hotel room my pipe fell unnoticed to the floor. Later, while striding up and down in a fit of rage, probably induced by some new manifestation of a John Dewey delirium, I stepped on the pipe and broke the mouthpiece.

To restore my calm, I immediately set out to purchase a replacement.

The first shop which I visited was in the lobby of the hotel; a pretentious establishment, one of a national chain. On submitting my sample, the dapper young salesman at once said that he had what I desired; and he threw half a dozen specimens on the counter. After a glance, I pointed out, rather acidly, that not one matched the sample. "Well, it's about the same, ain't it?" he retorted, with a look that plainly said: "What brought that old nut in here?"

To end a long sad story, I went to exactly nine shops along the Avenue in search of a replica of a mouthpiece appertaining to a nationally advertised pipe. In every shop the clerk said: "Yes, we've got it." In not one did he have it. But nine times I met the injured retort: "Well, it's about the same, ain't it?"

I did not find the mouthpiece I wanted, but I did find an excellent picture of the result and, I might almost say, of the ideal of current elementary and secondary education. "About the same" is graven on the system, meaning that it is "about the same" whether a child observes in an accurate or in a slovenly fashion, whether he learns to work or acquires habits of idleness, whether he tries to succeed at the task to which he is set, or puts it aside for something that is easier. "About the same" is all that is required, and under a philosophy which will tolerantly admit the identity of opposites, it suffices.

If George declines to work his examples in arithmetic correctly, let him potter around with sloyd. It's about the same. When Bill states that he does not "like" to write English themes, perhaps he may consent to tinker with an old Ford in the school shops, and then we can call it "manual training." It's about the same, if not even more so. These slovenly, slip-shod methods fill our colleges with boys and girls who whatever they may or may not know are sure of this: that their elders know less. When I look at the secondary-school programs we draw up for them, I am inclined to agree.

But I know that they give us office secretaries who spell "naturaly" and "allmost" correctly, as they type our letters which they later address to Boston, Maryland and to Baltimore, Massachusetts. Girls from our local commercial high school have little chance of securing positions, they tell me, unless they can show a certificate from some private business school which trains for office and secretarial work. The so-called business school must show results or close its doors. Hence it cannot afford to trifle with the "it's about the same" nonsense, but must try to teach the pupil habits of carefulness and accuracy.

Fifteen years ago I entertained two old friends at a very modest dinner in Berlin. The bill, as I recall, came to about three billion marks. Last year we paid nearly three billion dollars in this country for elementary and secondary education. There is an overcharge somewhere, but I do not think it was in Berlin. The dinner was good.

JOHN WILBYE

BASQUE CATHOLICS AND SPANISH COMMUNISTS

The treason of the leaders who bargained

OWEN B. McGUIRE

WHO are the Basques? What is this minority political party called the "Basque Nationalists"? What did they want and in what did they differ from their fellow Catholics who are Basques? How were they maneuvered into their present position, as allies of the Reddest of the Reds, the avowed enemies of their religion and of all that Vasconia has stood for throughout its history?

My purpose is to answer these questions; but they cannot be answered adequately in an article like this. I must, therefore, confine myself to the statement of a few historical facts before the fall of the Monarchy, in order to leave space to explain more fully what has occurred since.

Vasconia is one of the thirteen "Regions" from which a united Christian Spain was forged during the period of the *Reconquista*. Most of these Regions were once independent States. Their local liberties were retained in the union. The Basque country was never an independent State. In authentic history we first find them incorporated in the Kingdom of Asturias. In the ninth century they "emancipated" themselves, as they say, from the Asturians. But they did not thereby become a united State. The government was really municipal. There were three provinces, and in each province representatives of the municipalities met annually to discuss and legislate on matters of common concern. The three provinces never united under one government. They were evidently not content themselves with this, and we later find each province, separately and at different periods, voluntarily entering the growing kingdom of Castile. In that union distinct stipulation was made for the preservation of their *fueros* (local liberties). The same was stipulated at different periods for all the Regions. The Basque *fueros* were respected after all the others had gone under Bourbon rule, and were suppressed only in 1833. This suppression has been the cause of Basque discontent ever since.

The first organized attempt to overthrow the Monarchy was in a secret convention held at San Sebastian in August, 1930. The parties taking part in this Convention came to an agreement which became known as "The Pact of San Sebastian." The part of this Pact referring to the Regional problem—disagreement on which came near break-

ing up the Convention itself—was the following:

1. Any Region in Spain—there are thirteen of them—could obtain a measure of autonomy, if it wished. 2. The leaders in the Region should first draft an *Estatuto* (bill, or "project of law"). 3. This would be submitted to a plebiscite of the *Ayuntamientos* (city, town and village Councils). 4. For approval, a two-thirds majority would be required—not of the Councils but of all the Councillors (aldermen). 5. If approved, the *Estatuto* would be brought to the Cortes, where it would be debated, amended, rejected or approved, by the elected Representatives of the whole nation. It was by fulfilling these conditions that Catalonia obtained its measure of autonomy and it was by fulfilling the same conditions that Vasconia would obtain its autonomy.

The Catholic Basques, hitherto always Monarchists, were not represented in the San Sebastian conclave. The Basque Socialists, of course, were represented, but as Socialists, not as Basques. They were bitter opponents of Basque Catholics who wanted the restoration of their local liberties, took advantage of the Pact, and in preparation for the elections of the following June formed a party called "The Basque-Navarre Alliance." They returned sixteen Deputies of the twenty-four allowed to the four provinces. These elected a Navarrese, a Señor Beunza, as chairman or president of the party. In presenting the party to the Cortes he said that it included men of various "ideologies," that he was himself a Traditionalist (Carlist), but that their bond of union was the desire to have their local liberties restored to the Basque people.

Because of the prolonged debates in Parliament and violent agitation outside, the Basques did not submit their *Estatuto* to the plebiscite until 1933. It obtained the requisite majority in the three provinces, but was overwhelmingly defeated in Navarre. Thus it could not be brought to the Cortes. Beunza resigned the leadership, and later his seat. Then came the elections of November with the triumph of the Right and Center. The Basque autonomists returned eleven Deputies. In 1935 they submitted a new *Estatuto* to the *Ayuntamientos*. Then occurred something unexpected. On the advice of Prieto, the Socialist leader, the Socialists now voted

for the *Estatuto*. Up to this time they had been bitter enemies of the Catholics, in everything. No Catholic could be a Socialist in Spain, for in Spain Socialism has from its inception been avowedly anti-religious. The Socialists now learned a lesson from the Parliamentary elections of 1933. It was that they could not hope to obtain a majority in the Basque Provinces. If they abstained and the *Estatuto* succeeded, they could claim no credit for it. But if they supported it and it did succeed, they could, with the return of a Socialist-Leftist Government at Madrid, rule the roost in Vasconia, without a majority, as they had done in Bilbao during the Azaña biennium. The result was that the *Estatuto* received an almost unanimous approval in all three provinces.

Here a new phase of the Basque problem begins. Its development is complicated by personal rivalry, partisan passion, exaggerated Nationalism, disobedience to ecclesiastical authority and contemptuous repudiation of ecclesiastical advice. In an article like this it cannot be treated adequately. From what has been said already, it should be evident that there was not one only, but three political parties in Vasconia. I will call them Red (the Popular Front), anti-Red (the *Ceda* and Traditionalists) and the so-called Nationalists. I will first show, from the official record, the relative strength of these three parties in the last two parliamentary elections, and then try to explain how the Nationalists arrived at their present paradoxical position:

TABLE I

Vote in 1933 in Vasconia, including Navarre.

Reds:	152,376
Anti-Reds:	200,013
Nationalists:	181,935

TABLE II

Vote in 1936 in Vasconia, including Navarre.

Reds:	165,809
Anti-Reds:	236,296
Nationalists:	153,426

TABLE III

Vote in 1936 in the three provinces, excluding Navarre.

Reds:	130,822
Anti-Reds:	124,854
Nationalists:	138,627

With these figures before him, the reader will be better able to understand what follows:

1. It is clear that Vasconia cannot be considered an entirely Catholic country. No Catholic could be a member of the Socialist party at any time in Spain, much less a member of the Popular Front last year when it included elements more fanatically anti-Christian than the Socialists had been previously. Yet the figures show that these elements constitute a good third of the population. This is proved also by the fact that during the Azaña biennium the Socialists ruled the largest city of the Region (Bilbao).

2. It is nonsense to speak, as the daily dispatches are now doing, of "the Basque Republic" and

"Basque independence." The *Estatuto*, as I have shown, was obtained: (a) by fulfilling the conditions of the Pact of San Sebastian; there was no thought of separate Republic or Independence; (b) the *Estatuto* had been voted almost unanimously by the *Ayuntamientos*. The election figures show that at least half of the Basque Catholic population did not think so when they cast their vote for the *Ceda*.

3. How did the so-called Nationalists separate from their fellow Basque Catholics? Evidently the rift was not due to disagreement on autonomy for which all had voted. When the Popular Front was formed its objective was made perfectly clear. Every Bishop, every Catholic paper, in the country declared that "the very existence of Spain as a Catholic and civilized country was at stake." The Basque Nationalists were asked, urged, implored, to join the anti-Revolutionary Front. They refused. They had their own leaders. They would have greater influence as an independent party whichever side won, and perhaps hold the balance of power and a casting vote in the Cortes. They did not expect that the Popular Front would have a great majority even if they won. Of course they did not expect civil war. If those who "followed the leaders" then could have foreseen what was to happen, few of them would have followed. But making allowance for all that, they did two things that were treasonable to the Catholic cause:

(a) The figures I have set out above show that by a united Catholic front in Vasconia they could have returned all the majority Deputies. By splitting the Catholic vote they handed over a number to the Reds. By a united Catholic front they could have elected in some constituencies both the majority and minority ticket. This is shown by the figures and by the fact that every one of the eight Deputies allowed Navarre was a Catholic.

(b) They did worse than that. They bargained with the Reds for Red support in some districts in return for their support of the Reds in other districts. By this bargaining and by the operation of the absurd electoral law of majority and minority parties, they deliberately defeated their fellow Catholics who were at least as good Basques as they. Let the reader take another glance at Table III. The three parties are almost equal: Nationalists 35 per cent, Reds 33 per cent, anti-Reds 32 per cent. Seventeen Deputies are allowed the three provinces. Of these the Nationalists elected nine, the Reds seven, and the anti-Red Catholics . . . one! By comparing Tables I and II it is seen the Nationalists had lost 30,000 and the Catholics had gained 31,000 in two years.

I would like to proceed, for there are many more things to be explained, but space will not permit. The Basque Nationalists illustrate the truth of what Winston Churchill has written of Azaña: "how sad the fate of those who march part of the way with those who go to all lengths!" They did not expect civil war. When it came, they thought it would be a walkover for the Government in a few days or weeks. Then the leaders would be the Nationalist heroes.

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

DREAMS COME TRUE OF A GREAT-SOULED WOMAN

HIGH-SPOTTED in the Pilgrim's year is the moment when he can announce another issue of that modest periodical, *Saint Ansgar's Bulletin*, organ of Saint Ansgar's Scandinavian Catholic League of New York. It is really modest, because it comes out only once in a twelvemonth; and it asks no subscription price. As Father Madaras used to say of *El Baghadi*, published in Iraq, it is priceless. You can obtain a copy of the *Bulletin* all for yourself, your mother-in-law and the family next door by merely writing to the Secretary, Arthur Andersen, at 435 Seventy-sixth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Andersen will also send you, if you need it, Catholic literature in the Scandinavian and Finnish languages. The indefatigable apostle of the fellow-countrymen of Elias Lönnrot, Sibelius and Paavo Nuurmi is Miss Fanny M. Laitinen, Farnham Avenue, Peabody, Mass.

Did you ever meet a Finnish Monsignor? You will, if you go to Terijoki and ask for Monsignor Carling, the only native Finnish-speaking priest in Finland, who has just celebrated his silver jubilee.

One sad thing has happened since the last *Bulletin* came out. Mrs. Frode C. W. Rambusch died in March of this year. She and her late husband, both natives of Denmark, who settled in Brooklyn, N. Y., were the founders of the League twenty-seven years ago. To call it a labor of love is to use pale language for the intense devotion that the Rambusches put into this work. They simply lived for it, and managed to inspire with their own enthusiasm all who came in contact with them. Unlike many an ardent parent, Mrs. Rambusch succeeded in passing on the torch to her children, and her son, V. F. Rambusch, is now the League's president.

For a full twenty-five years Mrs. Rambusch's work fell into two or three simple categories. She corresponded with Scandinavians interested in the Catholic Church, or persons in contact with Scandinavians. She spared no time or pains with this laborious correspondence. Then she organized the raising of such modest means as were required to provide instructive reading matter to be sent to those who needed it; while the monthly meetings of the League, of a cultural and social nature, gave fellowship to Scandinavian Catholics.

Her summers, at least in the later years of her life, were usually spent in her beloved Denmark, or traveling in Norway and Sweden. There her charm and culture opened all doors to her, and she made many a contact between the Catholic Church in the old Northern lands and her Church at home.

In July of last year, Mrs. Rambusch was present at the magnificent celebration that took place in

Odense commemorating the death, 850 years ago, of Saint Knud, King of Denmark. Some 4,000 Catholics entered in orderly procession the ancient Saint Knud Cathedral, now in Lutheran hands, were welcomed there by the Lutheran church warden garbed in full regalia, and venerated the tomb and remains of the royal martyr.

Then, almost at the close of her earthly pilgrimage, the single plant that Mrs. Rambusch had so carefully cultivated the long quarter of a century suddenly blossomed out, and the League spread from being a merely local to a national organization. The last months of her life were spent in gratitude at this change, which coincided with turnings of the tide in the Northern lands.

Largely through the efforts of the Field Secretary of the League, the Rev. George Esterguard, of Big Stone City, S. D., a branch was established in LaCrosse, Wis., with Mrs. John F. Doherty, a Scandinavian Catholic, as President. Under the guidance of the Right Reverend Monsignor Leo F. Hirt, Spiritual Director, this branch made rapid progress, and has been particularly active in aiding the Catholic missions in Norway.

Minneapolis, as was to be expected, provided the largest grouping of Catholics of Scandinavian descent. Their first open meeting, on October 9, 1936, was attended by 200 Scandinavian converts, members and friends. Director of the Minneapolis branch is the Reverend Robert E. Cogwin, of the Saint Paul Archdiocese. The corresponding secretary, Mrs. George Kenneally, is a fellow-townsman of Sigrid Undset, the Norwegian convert-novelist.

The Reverend J. H. Deeny, who speaks Norwegian fluently, established a branch at Eau Claire, Wis., home of Father A. B. C. Dunne's famous convert movement. Another sprung up at Fargo, N. D., under the direction of the Reverend Thomas Hendrickson; and a fifth at Garretson, S. D., with the Reverend Hugh Wolf as director. Several other localities where Scandinavians abound have begun negotiations for units of the League, and it now looks as if its growth would be limited only by the time and the resources of its Field Secretary.

The truth is that Americans of Scandinavian descent have become deeply interested in the Catholic Church. It is gradually dawning on them that Catholicism was the old religion of their ancestral lands, and that many of the finest minds in the Northern countries are turning to the Old Faith, *den gamle Kristentro*, after centuries of spiritual exile. In Lutheran circles, the principle of Private Judgment has worked itself out. In this country, Catholicism is no longer identified as it was with national groupings, and the convert feels more at home. Saint Ansgar's hour has struck, and Karen Rambusch's life dream is coming true.

THE PILGRIM.

EDITOR

LET LABOR UNITE!

BULLETINS from the front in the war between President Green, of the American Federation of Labor, and John L. Lewis, soul of the puissant Committee for Industrial Organization, convey the picture of a scene that is full of sound and fury. It would be excessive to conclude that the picture means nothing, but at first and even at second sight, it is certainly confusing.

Now and then we hear that President Green is about to expel Mr. Lewis, thus cutting him off from all rights and privileges accruing to a member in good standing of the A. F. L. The rumor is generally met by a counterblast: Mr. Lewis is about to secure Mr. Green's expulsion from a local, the name and number of which we once knew but have forgotten. But as Messrs. Lewis and Green fear these respective expulsions not a whit, each having a supreme contempt for any association with which the other is even remotely associated, the threats and menaces always cancel out, leaving exactly zero.

On one topic, however, Mr. Green makes himself perfectly clear. He is unalterably opposed to the sit-down strike, protesting that it is an extremely expensive gesture which secures no real advantage to the worker, and loses him the support of the public. There are many who agree with Mr. Green, but Mr. Lewis is not one of them. As far as we know, Mr. Lewis has never approved or condemned the sit-down strike, but he is always ready to fling harsh words at anyone who takes sides against it. "The Green statement is characteristically cowardly and contemptible," said he, in an interview published in the *New York Times*. "He again sells his own breed down the river and receives the thanks of the National Manufacturers Association." And after likening the unfortunate Mr. Green to Simon Legree, the triumphant Mr. Lewis borrows a stone from Hamlet in the form of a misquotation. "He bends the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning."

It seems to us that unless these doughty generals get back to their troops forthwith, the army may pass on leaving them far in the rear. When the Supreme Court upheld the Wagner Act, guarantees were affirmed for which labor had long fought, but now need fight no longer. The sword may be put back into the scabbard. If all of us can stop fighting about the rights and duties of labor and capital, and sit down to think out plans of facilitating under the Wagner Act the free exercise of rights and of compelling the complete fulfilment of duties—and that for labor and capital alike—the country will make rapid strides towards economic recovery and a stable prosperity.

In future Congress will have much more to say, and will say it, about labor organizations, than in the past. If labor is wisely advised it will set its house in order, and so steer Congress away from the temptation of saying too much. Too much will be bad for organized labor, for capital chastened and regulated, and for all of us.

DIVIDED OPINIONS

IT was once said of the Neapolitan army that you might dress it in red or dress it in blue, but however you dressed it, it would run away. Color added nothing to its valor. Similarly, the President might appoint fifteen Justices to the Supreme Court, or eleven, or nine, but whatever the number, the Court could render decisions by a majority of one. Congress can make sure of an approval for all its acts only by securing Justices sworn to approve all that Congress does. But in that case the Court would no longer exercise judicial functions. It would be an appanage of Congress.

MORE TAXES OR L

IN his message to Congress President Roosevelt has proposed a policy from which few, we believe, will dissent. Permanent security can be had, he writes, only when "we adjust all expenditures within the limits of my budget estimates." In other words, the Government must abandon the policy of spending more money than it takes in.

It will be remembered that the need of retrenchment in Federal expenditures was Mr. Roosevelt's favorite topic in the campaign of 1932. During the Hoover Administration serious deficits had piled up, and in the opinion of some, Mr. Roosevelt among them, these deficits were directly chargeable to unsound and extravagant financing. Mr. Roosevelt had an unanswerable argument when he insisted that liberal governments had often been wrecked on the rocks of a loose fiscal policy. His promise that he would reduce the personnel of the many bureaus established under the Hoover Administration and would cut down Federal spending, commended him to thinking citizens.

On his inauguration, the President found that he could not fulfil his promise, at least not immediately. He faced a national emergency, and emergency treatment, he said, was necessary. New bureaus and commissions at once began to multiply. Thousands of men and women were added to the payrolls, most of them without reference to civil-service requirements. The largest appropriations the country had ever seen were granted by Congress, usually without debate.

MAJORITY RULE

WE elect officials by less than a two-thirds vote, and two-thirds are required in Congress only to re-enact legislation over the President's veto, or to submit an Amendment. Why change the rule for the Supreme Court? There is no convincing reason why four Justices should prevail over five; nor should three Justices be able to sustain an Act when six Justices think it unconstitutional. But in politics reason counts for little, and the controlling factor in the Supreme Court dispute is not reason. It is the amount of patronage to be withheld or bestowed.

S OR LESS SPENDING

Within a year, all hope of Federal retrenchment had disappeared, and the problem of balancing the budget had been shelved. After four years the Government had piled up a deficit of \$15,000,000,000, and the national debt rose to the highest level on record. In 1933, the Government's expenditures were \$5,100,000,000, in 1935 they were \$6,850,000,000, and in 1936, \$7,100,000,000. For the present year, another half billion must be added. Meanwhile the tax returns are falling far below the estimates of last year. It is obvious either that taxes must be raised again, or our expenditures lowered. Not even the United States with all its wealth can stand this uninterrupted drain.

The President specifically mentions the flood-control project as one of the plans which "would impose an unjustifiable burden upon the Federal Treasury." Small appropriations will probably be made for this purpose, but it seems to us that unless the project is cared for adequately, it is far better to make no appropriations at all. The piece-meal appropriations which the Government has been voting for years are money thrown away.

The President mentions no other pending legislation, but it is thought that in support of the new retrenchment policy Congress will drop the Harrison-Black Federal education bill along with the Wagner low-cost housing bill, and will make important changes in the plan to aid tenant farmers. It is to be hoped that the pressure groups at Washington will not prove to be stronger than Congress and the President.

MOTHERS' DAY, MAY 9

IN this age we Catholics are plagued and pleased, edified and beset, by a multitude of devotions. Our fathers were content with one scapular; now, laudably, we must have five. They honored Our Blessed Lady and Saint Joseph, but thought of the rest of the Saints as a great host of heroes whose names were known to God alone. Today we add to Our Lady and to Saint Joseph a cloud of other witnesses to whom we ascribe, with great propriety no doubt, special power to intercede for us in Heaven. We write pamphlets about them, and we distribute leaflets, and we conduct novenas in their honor in our churches.

Now all this is very well, and he would assuredly be guilty of presumption and irreverence who would criticise any devotion which has been authorized by the Church. A wise earthly mother knows that an amusement or a food which will please young William will not be relished particularly by his little brother, Jim, and will be forthwith rejected by prim Arabella now in her middle 'teens. The Church is a supremely wise Mother. For the food of our souls, she suggests prayer and the Sacraments, and that is the food of which all her children partake. In the matter of devotions, she knows that tastes differ. Here she leaves us a large liberty, but it is liberty under law. She must first examine these devotions, and prove whether or not they be of the spirit of God.

This watchfulness has bred a spirit of caution in her children. Every devotion at present honored in the Church was greeted on its entrance by loud and long-continued campaigns of opposition. This young person may have been a great Saint, the community of the Faithful would depose in substance, but what can she do that Our Lady and Saint Joseph have not been doing for centuries? And they will have none of her, until by quiet persistence this canonized young person has made them understand that what we give to the devotion favored by her, takes away nothing from our love for the Saints of our predilection and their characteristic devotions.

All this is by way of prelude to Mothers' Day which is, to be sure, neither a Saint's day nor a new devotion. It was started by a somewhat sentimental but persistent lady, and it has been all but ruined by commercialization. Something like twenty years ago, it began to win recognition from Catholics. Zealous priests baptized it and made it a kind of family feast on which every member of the parish was exhorted to receive Holy Communion, and to pray for his or her mother, living or dead. The churches which introduced it still retain it, for they have found in it a channel of grace. But they retain it in a sort of solitary grandeur. The celebration has not taken hold of the popular fancy. It has not spread among our people.

Of course, the work of the Church would not be interrupted were the commemoration of Mothers' Day to disappear completely from our parishes. Still, if it can be made a means of bringing God's

blessing to parish and to people, it should be retained and advocated. That it can be made a blessing is the unanimous verdict of all who have tried it. For a number of years reports were published in this Review to show what could be done by the application of a little thought and zeal in preparing for Mothers' Day. For the day will not celebrate itself.

When a pastor can write that Mothers' Day brought as many communicants to the altar rails as Christmas or Easter, we know that this shepherd used the Sisters and the pupils in his school, as well as announcements from the pulpit, to aid him in rounding up this flock, many of whom were commonly regarded as black sheep. He had a number of confessors ready on Saturday afternoon, and assistants to help him in distributing Holy Communion on Sunday morning. The sheep were gathered in because he led them.

We follow our custom of many years in again recommending a Catholic Mothers' Day. A suitable celebration will certainly include the reception of Holy Communion, and prayers for our mothers, living or dead. But since Christian motherhood has lost some of its glory in these degraded days, it is also a fitting occasion for addresses on marriage and parenthood in our high schools and colleges, and for sermons in our churches on marriage and the Christian home. We can baptize Mothers' Day, and by a kind of extrinsic analogy with our Christian feasts make it a means of grace for our souls.

QUEZON ON MEXICO

WITH the arrival in this country of Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippine Commonwealth, a new campaign for Mexico has begun. What Mr. Quezon's purpose may be we cannot fathom, but since his visit to Cárdenas he has overlooked few opportunities of praising the tyrannical regime in Mexico. He singles out for special approval the Mexican school system. As every one knows, the system is, theoretically, "social." In its operation, it is a device to rob the Mexican children of their faith in God.

It must be admitted that Mr. Quezon has adopted the attitude most in favor in Administration circles. Another who follows Mr. Quezon is the newspaper correspondent, Frank L. Kluckhohn. In an article on Cárdenas published in the *New York Times* for April 18, Mr. Kluckhohn becomes so enthusiastic in his praise of the Cárdenas regime that he ends by waxing incoherent. "The Government feels no hostility toward the Church," he quotes Cárdenas as saying, "and does not persecute it." The naive Mr. Kluckhohn apparently believes that Cárdenas told the truth.

If there is no hostility, why did the Government jail Father Landers for giving children who came for religious instruction booklets on religion, and why did the Supreme Court only a few weeks ago affirm his conviction? If there is no hostility to religion in Mexico why are the laws which prevent Catholics from receiving the Sacraments, and which penalize every attempt to teach religion still in

force? As James Stacpole showed in this Review (April 17, 1937) Mexico is "a majority hounded by a small minority" of anti-God politicians.

"I CAN'T PRAY"

PRAYER has been described as the raising of the heart and mind to God. We pray when we think of Him with love, reverence, gratitude, or adoration. We pray when we talk with God, as a child might talk with its mother; when we tell Him of our needs of body and of soul.

All who believe in God and in Jesus Christ Whom He has given us, can pray. The complaint common among good people that they are unable to pray rests on a misconception of the nature of prayer. Prayer is not a matter of the emotions, but of the will. In a very true sense it is correct to say that the sincere desire to know how to pray is itself a prayer. True, there are degrees in prayer, just as there are degrees in the facility and completeness with which we perform any good act, and they will learn to pray best who are faithful to regular practices of prayer. But no one can say with truth, "I can't pray." We can pray if only we wish to pray.

In tomorrow's Gospel, taken from the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel according to Saint John, (xvi, 23-30) Our Lord gives us a brief but perfect sermon on prayer. It is most consoling to hear His solemn assurance "Amen, amen, I say to you, if you ask the Father anything in My Name, He will give it you." We ask in His Name, for the Son of God is our Elder Brother, and His merits give to our poor halting prayers an efficacy which in themselves they lack. But to ask in His Name means that we are to ask in His spirit which is a spirit of abandonment to the will of God our Father. Of this abandonment He gave us a perfect example in His prayer in the Garden of Olives.

We are told in the *Imitation* that it is better to feel compunction than to know its definition. So too it is better to pray in the manner of a child talking to its mother than to trouble ourselves with learned disquisitions, useful and edifying as these may be, on the types and degrees of prayer of which the human soul is potentially capable. Before we can read Shakespeare with pleasure, we must learn the letters of the alphabet. We shall draw profit from tomorrow's Gospel if we end it with an examination of conscience. Do I give a certain time every day to prayer, just as I do to my meals, to my business, to my recreation? Do I pray in a purely routine manner, giving little or no thought to what I say? Or do I try to make my prayer a talk with God in which I adore Him, praise Him, thank Him for past benefits, and ask Him simply and with confidence to help me?

People who pray keep close to God. Those who habitually neglect prayer cut themselves off from many graces. Daily are we exposed to the assaults of the enemy of our soul, and daily must we through prayer draw nearer to Him Who is our secure refuge in every tribulation.

CHRONICLE

AT HOME. Victor F. Ridder, Chairman of the New York State Board of Social Welfare, and former Works Progress Administrator for New York City charged on April 17 that Communists dominate the work of the Emergency Relief Bureau, control outlay of \$9,000,000 a month in New York. . . . Manuel L. Quezon, President of the Philippine Commonwealth, returning from Mexico to New York, became fulsome in his praise of the anti-Catholic Cárdenas. Observers wondered what was behind Quezon's ecstasy. . . . On April 16 came the revelation that the Kansas Board of Review had ordered elimination from a March of Time film of Senator Wheeler's remarks opposing the reorganization of the Supreme Court. Statements favoring the reorganization were allowed to remain in the film. Distributors were informed criticism of the court bill must be eliminated because the Kansas Governor and Legislature were "in favor of the President." . . . On April 21, for the fourth time in four years, a bill to authorize State aid to parochial schools was defeated in the Ohio House of Representatives. The Senate had previously passed the measure. . . . Senator David I. Walsh, of the Naval Affairs Committee, introduced into the United States Senate a bill authorizing six auxiliary naval vessels at a cost of \$48,000,000. . . . Senator Vandenberg of Michigan disputed the employment estimates issued by the Labor Department. He calculated the Department's figures were in excess by over 5,000,000; that there were only 2,975,000 idle in the nation.

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SUPREME COURT. The Supreme Court battle continued. Representative McCormack, Democrat, of Massachusetts, fearing a wide split within the ranks of the Democratic party, offered a compromise plan in the House. His plan would provide for a definite fixed increase in the Court, and accompanying that a constitutional amendment requiring compulsory retirement of judges at seventy or seventy-five years of age. . . . Senators King and Burke declared the President's court plan would be fought on the floor of the Senate, if it ever got there, by every means, including filibuster. . . . Senator Bennett Champ Clark said that "certain Government officials" who control payrolls were trying to "dragoon" Congress to enact the President's proposal.

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ON BUDGETS. On April 20 President Roosevelt forwarded to Congress his latest budget message, asked \$1,500,000,000 for work relief during the fiscal year of 1938. In his message, the President emphasized the need for economy. He estimated that the net deficit for the fiscal year ending June 30 would be \$2,557,000,000, an increase of \$309,-

000,000 over the figure he submitted to Congress in January. In this budget message of last January, he had prophesied that income and outgo would be balanced completely in the fiscal year 1938, providing a "layman's" balance of the budget. In this latest message, he indicated a deficit for 1938 of \$418,000,000, but expressed the belief that this could be overcome by various expedients. The Presidential message indicated he would defer until the next session of Congress any proposal for new taxes. . . . Many Federal agencies in Washington possessing recoverable assets may be called upon to liquidate these assets in an effort to increase Federal revenues. . . . Following the message and the possibility of wide retrenchments, "economy jitters" hit Government employes. . . . Senators and Congressmen with pet measures requiring large outlays became panicky. . . . Observers believed that the Presidential strategy was to discourage these Senators and Congressmen from promoting pet projects requiring enormous sums; to force them, at the very least, to become more moderate in their demands. . . . The reaction of Congress was not auspicious. On April 21, the House passed a bill not included in the new budget estimates, which would embark the Government on a ten-year program of aid to States, municipalities and industries for control of water pollution at a cost of \$1,000,000 per year. . . . Representative Maverick, of Texas, heading a group of House "liberals," inaugurated an effort to boost the work relief appropriation to \$2,500,000,000, and Representative Voorhis of California introduced a bill to this effect. . . . Figures showed that the national debt would pass the thirty-five-billion dollar mark within the next month. . . . On April 21 the House Labor Committee reported favorably a bill to make the Civilian Conservation Corps permanent, with 300,000 enrollees, a reduction in number of 50,000.

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ENGLAND. On April 20, Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced a tax on profits which took away Britain's breath. The tax, which goes as high as 33 1/3 per cent in cases, will help to pay the colossal cost of Britain's defense program. He also announced an increase in the income tax to a new basic rate of 25 per cent. . . . On April 20, the British merchantman, *Seven Seas Spray*, successfully ran the blockade from Saint-Jean-de-Luz, France, into Bilbao, bringing food-stuffs for the population. . . . British plans for the defenses of Hongkong envisage millions of pounds to match the increasing fortifications on the island of Formosa being built by Japan. Hongkong's new defences will be completed a short time before the date set for United States evacuation of the Philippines. . . . On April 16, Sir Samuel Hoare, First

Lord of the Admiralty, without specifically naming that power appealed to Japan not to build huge battleships with enormous guns.

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SPAIN. The Nationalist drive on Bilbao continued. Three columns of shock troops advanced from three points, captured Eigureta and Anguiozar. Meanwhile Nationalist shells pounded Madrid mercilessly for hours on April 21, the heaviest shelling the city has seen. Gran Via, the "Broadway" of Madrid, resembled a major war front amid the deafening explosions followed by crashing debris. . . . In the Teruel sector, where are located valuable iron mines, little change was reported. . . . The recent strengthening factor of the Leftist air forces was admitted to be the Russian airplanes which are almost exact duplicates of Boeing P-26 American plane. Nationalists challenged the Valencia supremacy in the air, asserting the Franco fliers now know how to fight the Russian planes. They claim that many have been brought down on the Basque and Aragon fronts. . . . Basque refugees pouring into France said they could no longer fight side by side with Marxists and anarchists. . . . It was revealed that all the tanks employed on the Madrid sector are Russian, and that the Leftist artillery is mainly Russian, directed by Russian and French officers. . . . Casualties among the foreigners fighting with the Leftists were estimated by the Nationalists at about sixty per cent. . . . On April 21, General Francisco Franco commenced to enforce his decree creating a single party with himself as leader. The military, governmental and political leadership is now united in his hands. He announced a program calling for social reform. Preparation of a Constitution was begun. A concession was made to the monarchist sentiment of the Traditionalists, in the following paragraph of the Franco decree: "In the task of material and spiritual reconstruction, we do not exclude, if the needs and sentiments of the country demand it, the establishment in the nation of the secular regime which forged its unity and greatness." . . . On midnight, April 19-20, the international supervision of the coast line and frontiers of Spain was begun. Ships patrolled the coast; ships from the British, French, Italian and German navies; observers took up their posts on the frontiers. . . . Informed sources doubted the efficacy of the supervision. The observers who are to board vessels bound for Spain have no authority, can only report infraction of neutrality. The ships patrolling the coast lines can only report infractions to the London committee. The guards on the frontier are too few effectually to prevent smuggling in of arms and supplies. . . . On April 18, the Spanish Civil War was nine months old. General Franco announced that the Leftist commander in Madrid, General Miaja, failed in both his objectives in his recent offensive. He failed to break the three-quarter encirclement forged by the Nationalists; he failed to draw troops from the Basque sector to reinforce Franco's Madrid besiegers. . . . Concerning reports of Leftist successes on the Cordoba sector, De Llano said they were "pure fiction."

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GERMANY. Adolf Hitler was forty-eight years old on April 20. At midnight, church bells at Brannau-on-the-Inn in the Austrian Tyrol, where he was born, rang out, their chiming being broadcast over Germany. In the chancellery, Hitler listened to the bells in the little church where he was baptized, perhaps thought how different he was now from the innocent child receiving the grace of Christ. . . . In the morning, he stood in a great reviewing stand, watched samples of every division of the German army goose-step by. . . . Elections in the Protestant Church imbroglio were again postponed, this time until Autumn. . . . George Lansbury, a British Labor-party leader, called on Hitler, and later with Hitler's permission issued the following statement: "Germany will be very willing to attend a conference and take part in the united effort to establish economic cooperation and mutual understanding between nations if President Roosevelt or the head of some other great country will take the lead in calling such a conference." . . . Last Summer Lansbury visited Roosevelt. The President then expressed the idea of a conference called and directed by him toward world peace. At the conference would be Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin and others. . . . That President Roosevelt still cherishes the idea appeared certain. Britain, however, has let it be known that she is determined on vast rearmament, will not consider disarming.

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FRANCE. On April 18, the Socialist Party council voted to uphold Premier Blum, rebuked the extreme wing for its criticism of the Premier. A mixed commission of Communists and Socialists is discussing unification of the two parties in a common working-class party. . . . Street pickets from the Communist and Socialist parties announced they would patrol the streets to see that the Forty Hour Week Law, which closes shops all day Monday, was enforced. . . . With the proposal to give the vote to Algerian natives, French women again sought enfranchisement.

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FOOTNOTES. The 2669th birthday of Rome was celebrated in Italy on April 21. . . . In Venice, Premier Mussolini and Chancellor Schuschnigg of Austria held a conference. Mussolini opposed Hapsburg restoration, will not fight for Austrian independence. . . . In the Oshawa strike among General Motors employes, a peace conference was arranged on the basis of no demand for recognition of the C.I.O. . . . For the first time in many years, representatives elected by the people sat in the Venezuelan Congress when it opened April 19. Two-thirds of the Congressmen, however, were appointed by the late dictator, Juan Vicente Gomez, who dominated the country for a quarter of a century. . . . Carleton Beals resigned from the sub-commission "trying" Leon Trotsky in Mexico. He pronounced the "trial" a "schoolboy joke." He revealed: "The hushed adoration of the other members of the commission for Mr. Trotsky . . . has defeated all spirit of honest investigation."

CORRESPONDENCE

1. ARE NOT; 2. CONCOMITANTLY.

EDITOR: I could scarcely believe my eyes when reading your editorial, *The Spanish Issue* (January 30).

Inconsistency is shown between that editorial, which I am not afraid to label as unfortunate, and even very disgusting, and the healthy, vigorous, all-brimming rebel spirit displayed in AMERICA during previous months.

Although I could object to, and very heartily complain of, almost every paragraph of the aforementioned editorial, I want only to deal with its two main suggestions.

You suggest, and many of your readers will believe, that Franco's troops *are* as cruel and as guilty of those of Largo Caballero. Please, Sir, give your proofs; the accusation, though by no means new in the daily press, always appears without the least proof. Maybe you have more reliable information or your correspondents in Pamplona, Salamanca, Segovia, Seville, etc., know better. Give your proofs, I say, and then we could see. But to accuse or only to suggest an accusation of such a kind in a Catholic weekly against a Catholic people engaged in a hellish struggle for their own lives, is more than a Spanish-born can swallow or even suffer.

"This Spanish War," you say farther down, "is neither primarily nor secondarily a religious war." Again an old, old saying, amongst those who oppose Franco. I would but commend you to read Cardinal Gomá's Pastoral Letter *El Caso de España* (it has been translated into English), and his answer in an open letter to José-Maria Aguirre, the Basque Premier. You'll excuse me if I say that your words, in that particular at least, smack most ominously of Mr. Domingo's or Father Sarasola's campaign.

Naga, Philippines

A. SACRISTAN, C.M.

"FORFEITED BY EXPLOITATION"

EDITOR: I am not in sympathy with AMERICA's stand on sit-downism. To me it seems that you are assuming the principal issue. You plant both feet on this plank: "Rights must be respected wherever they exist," reinforce it with excerpts from the Encyclicals and precepts of the natural law, and then proclaim: "Therefore sit-downism is forbidden." I deny the consequence. I cannot see that sit-downism constitutes the violation of a property right.

A property right, no less than any other right, must be exercised with a due regard for the rights of others. If this regard is not had, the normal exercise of the right may be curtailed. Thus if an enemy threatens me with a club, I am entitled to wrest it from him, even though it be his own prop-

erty, and keep it until I am assured that he will respect my right to physical integrity. In this case, I do not violate his property right. Rather I restrain him from abusing it to my own detriment.

Similarly with sit-downism. The workers' pay and conditions are unjust. All peaceful means of arbitration have been taken without success. The worker seizes his employer's plant. He has no intention of making it his permanent possession. He is not violating his employer's property right. He is taking the only workable means of restraining the employer from abusing that property right to the detriment of his own right to a living wage and just working conditions. When the right of the worker is respected, the right of the owner (forfeited by exploitation) to the normal use of his property must be restored.

Baltimore, Md.

THOMAS J. LEARY

JUST PLAYING FAIR

EDITOR: While reading the correspondence department of your April 3 issue, I was struck by the spirit of liberality taken by you in your selection of letters to be printed. In the interest of giving hearing to both sides you have permitted three out of eight letters to soundly chastise your editorial policy.

As a wide reader of periodicals of assorted nature, I have become accustomed to the practice of editorial righteousness evinced by all publications. Occasionally they may suffer the publication of a disgruntled writer, but usually this is done only when it is obvious from the text of the letter that the writer is unreasonably disgruntled.

But your magazine departs so widely from this righteousness that it makes one wonder whether you seriously worry about the financial success of your paper.

Whatever the reason for your indifference to attack, it is unique and has won my cordial admiration.

New York, N. Y.

SOSTHENES WOOD

SAME OLD GAME

EDITOR: You may not agree with me, but I think this is one of the most important topics of the day. I have felt that if I were a college president or newspaper editor, I would make financial knowledge a leading subject. Money is the material source of life, and yet it is treated and abused as some sort of mystery. Rarely does a reader find a word of thought about financial security from an independent press. People are encouraged to go headlong into a sea of investment ignorance.

Will you tell your readers that at this very moment a new depression is in the making. Why? First of all, the President's determination to control the Supreme Court with Democratic interpretation of laws—meaning a further change in Governmental policies and undoubtedly Federal control of the power and light industry. Control of this industry should have been taken, if ever, at the time of the bank holiday, when the bankers were in possession of these securities which they had taken from investors to pay off their loans. The long delay has helped the banker, and today through the broker he is fast disposing of all power and light securities to a new set of investors or to the old ones who should be in a mental institution if they continue to buy them. The same stocks—full of water in 1929, still being floated with artificial puffing and ready to sink at any time!

It is no secret that a movement is on to end the capitalistic system in this country. No speedier and greater means could be used than the ignorance of intelligent people. It is hardly believable that business and professional men allow these financial tricksters to take their money and cause themselves and their families financial ruin. If these same men were to invest in real estate, they would choose a reliable dealer, inspect the property, search the title, figure the rental, consider the location and neighborhood, and even receive the views of another person on the proposed investment. Yet when that same investor is to place thousands in securities, he allows a broker to sell him shares in a corporation in Canada, New Mexico, Kansas—any place that is so distant he is sure never to see it. The investor argues that the bankers own securities in the same corporations. True, but the average investor learned he knew little about securities when the crash came. The bankers knew less. If they look to the banker for security they will find themselves and their families homeless. . . .

Investors, buy what you know—first, your own home free from mortgage. Find an investment to support that home where you can keep your eyes on it. . . . Many investors are now being relieved of their best securities and traded into those of power and light corporations. Investors, you can see into this game and the ballyhoo from Washington.

If the Catholic press of the country would explain away the financial mask of investment mystery and give their readers some financial wisdom, people could be led to strive for real and not artificial security. There have certainly been enough lives duped and wrecked by supposedly mystical financiers without any further sacrifice.

Boston, Mass.

ECONOMY

WANTS CATHOLIC STATEMENT

EDITOR: One can understand the hesitancy of Catholic editors to use language not in good usage concerning venereal diseases; and one can heartily encourage them to keep up their work to present

the clear, high ideal of true chastity, but won't someone please do some straight clear Catholic talking on the subject of this new campaign? You read the trite trash of the popularizers who jump on every faddist band-wagon that affords an appeal to sentiment, worthy or otherwise; you read sincere articles by doctors interested in medicine and bodily cures; and you read warnings by Catholics lest evil result, but nowhere yet have I read a sane view of the *whole* case. It does no good to insist on only one aspect, "moral hypocrisy," "moral danger" or "physical peril." There's too much of that—each one insisting on his own particular side of the question.

Forget the popularizers. In one breath they claim that not all contagion comes from vice, and in the next want to sweep away all moral blame. They'll play this fad as long as it is popular, then jump to another. The doctors are more sincere, need co-operation, and will accept it. Let's have one full, clear, Catholic statement of the situation, for heaven's sake, before the rift gets any wider. Support what is good, warn where warning is needed. But let's have two sides, physical as well as moral, and common-sense proportion. We look to AMERICA for an article like that, and the time for it is in the beginning before prejudice sets in and misunderstanding is confirmed by silence.

And address it to the doctors, not against!
Rome, Italy

FRANCIS FURDON

COAST CRITIC

EDITOR: President Roosevelt's latest collectivistic advice aimed at price control of heavy industries and stimulation of consumers' goods is just another illustration that the executive branch of the Government should be placed under Civil Service and pass an examination in elementary economics and finance.

We have had planning, price fixing, the economy of scarcity to boost prices for greater purchasing power, and now we are having wages forced up by sit-down strikes—all of which only means less buying.

We have done pretty well as a nation under the American plan, when Government has cooperated with industry instead of trying to put a crimp in it and telling it how much it shall produce, at what prices and what wages. The President would take away the profit system and in so doing would postpone the realization of his more abundant life. He should know that prices are stepping up because of inflation, because Government credit is declining due to spending, borrowing and an unbalanced budget, and because production, due to interference from the Government, has not kept pace with demands. Mr. Roosevelt doesn't seem to understand that wealth is production and not controlled prices and the distribution of wages by an interfering Government. He made the astonishing statement that lowering the costs of production does not increase purchasing power but just the opposite!

Hollywood, Calif.

EDITH RYAN

LITERATURE AND ARTS

THE NUNS AND THE COCKTAIL ROOM

JOHN FARROW

ON a dusty and somewhat dingy sidestreet of the town where I live there is a small shop which, as its faded sign proclaims, sells Catholic Art Objects and Books; mostly the latter. And it was in the cool dimness of its littered interior that I first observed Sister Catherine (which is not her real name but for the purposes of this anecdote will serve) as she slowly moved along the shelves scanning each volume with the eager, intent eyes of the true book-lover. The bookseller was quite proud of her presence and whispered to me that not only was she an authority on first editions and ancient bindings, but that she was also a poet in her own right. He produced a little volume of her verses and as I opened it she chanced to turn in our direction and, recognizing the book, smiled at us.

Now I was certain that before that afternoon I had never seen the brown wrinkled face that positively beamed good will from the starched frame of her coif, yet, with a sudden and curious sense of premonition, I felt I was looking at one who was to be my friend. Her eyes seemed to be the most good-humored I had ever seen: grayish blue and dancing with a twinkle that, as I have since discovered, is habitual with her. The proprietor presented me and she graciously consented to inscribe her name in the book.

The next time I heard that name was when I was lunching with a priest who is pastor of a rapidly growing parish. He had just completed the building of a school, and five nuns, headed by Sister Catherine, had arrived to serve as teachers. Again we met, and again I felt the warmth of her friendliness. She invited me to visit her small community and this I soon did, armed with a box of chocolates and accompanied by my fiancée. We all became good friends and I was encouraged by the Sisters to visit them again and again. They lived in a dilapidated shack of a house, for although the school building was new, the pastor's funds had not permitted him to build a suitable home for the nuns. The best he had been able to do was to rent a nearby residence that had previously served as a boarding house to lodgers of extremely meagre means. A sorry abode when the Sisters took possession!

However, with that cheerful combination of faith and soap and water which seems to be so characteristic of nuns, wonders had been accomplished. And their bare reception room with its few pieces of cheaply bought furniture, became a very hospitable harbor, both comfortable and comforting, to me who, it so happened at that time, was beset with many troubles. My difficulties were eventually confided to my five new friends and never have I felt so solaced as on one particular afternoon, when my horizons seemed very gloomy indeed, when Sister Catherine told me in her gentle calm manner: "We are praying for you." And I am sure their prayers had a great deal to do with the solving of my troubles.

"*We are praying for you.*" The words echoed within me for a long time afterwards. That same night I was guest at a large and what is known as a fashionable dinner party. The elaborate dining room, magnificent with splendid paneling that had once graced the walls of a famous ducal palace, seemed a long distance from the ex-boarding house, but there could be no doubt who, of the inhabitants of those two places, was the more content. There was no vestige of contentedness as far as my hostess was concerned. Yet as her own standards go she had everything that makes for happiness. Possessor of a great name, she was immensely rich and had received the conventional education (at the "best" schools) of her class. Yet she was utterly and unashamedly bored with life and frankly told me so. I, remembering my afternoon and the comfort it had brought me, mentioned the incident to her. But she could not, or perhaps did not want to, understand. At the mention of the word "nuns" she smiled tolerantly, yet with a trace of lofty superciliousness. "Nuns," she said, "are relics of medieval ignorance. Poor dears—theirs must be a frightful life. Nothing to do...." Then as an afterthought she added, "except to pray."

Nothing to do! I could not help but be amused and could not but contrast in my mind the difference between her life and the lives of my friends. Nothing to do! I remembered the multitudes of tasks that exercised the Sisters every day from

early morning. The perpetual scrubbing of their house, the preparing of lessons, the teaching and control of a schoolful of turbulent children, the visiting of the poor and rich of the neighborhood. Nothing to do! My dinner companion was suddenly mystified when I laughed aloud.

All of this preamble has not much to do with my cocktail room, yet in a way it is a necessary prologue to that incident which actually began the day I stopped by the Sisters' residence to show them the blueprints of a house I had decided to build. I was proud of these plans for they were the result of many long hours spent with a clever architect, and, like all such combinations of enthusiastic owner and clever architect, we were both convinced that our creation was destined to rank amongst the finest of modern homes. The Sisters shared my excitement and eagerly pored over the sketches as I took them on an imaginary tour of the projected house. Suddenly one of them, I think it was Sister Marguerite, asked: "And what is this room for?" Now the room she was referring to was the especial joy of both the architect and myself. Situated at a corner of the house and opening onto a small terrace which led into the garden, it was to be a Cocktail Room, complete with a miniature bar and, as I like the sea and all things pertaining to it, the other furnishings were to be of a marine motif. An artist friend had promised to paint a mural of ships on the wall. The backs of the chairs were to resemble steering wheels. Behind the bar was to stand a tiny aquarium stocked with tropical fish, and cocktail glasses ornamented with ships' flags.

The faces of my five friends were studies of grave and courteous attention as I lyricised on about the chromium glories of my bar-to-be. With such gravity and courtesy did they listen, that I gradually realized I was addressing an audience who were of an era, certainly of a life, that knew very little about cocktails. Of course they knew such alcoholic refreshments existed and had no objections to them. "Is it necessary that cocktails should be mixed in a special room?" Sister Bertha inquired in all seriousness (or so it seemed). "Does one drink cocktails all day long?" asked Sister Marguerite. I explained they could be mixed anywhere and that they usually were only drunk during the half hour or so that preceded the evening meal. "Then you must be building a large house to be able to afford a whole room that will be only used for such a short time," mused Sister Catherine as she fingered the blueprints. Hastily I made answer that I was not building a large house; the Cocktail Room was in actuality a spare room and that I would not confine it to the mixing of cocktails alone. Sister Marianne blinked owlishly through her large steel-rimmed spectacles and stated blandly: "It seems there will be a great deal of drinking in this new house."

"No," I retorted emphatically. "There will *not* be a great deal of drinking in my new house."

The Sisters had no more to say on the subject but nevertheless, as I took my departure I sensed that they were troubled, and the truth was I felt troubled myself.

A week or so later I had occasion to visit them again, fetching some old books I had promised for the school library. Sister Marguerite received me at the door. "The Sisters are busy for a moment," she told me. "Would you mind waiting a little while . . . perhaps in the chapel?" As she spoke she was gently propelling me toward the latter place, a small chamber bordering the hall and that in boarding-house times had served as the dining room.

No trace of those ugly days remained now. The walls had been whitewashed clean and the tremulous glimmer of the sanctuary lamp set shadows dancing over the laced altar cloths and well polished candlesticks. A fragrance of freshly plucked roses enveloped the room, and from high, in one dark corner, a sweetly sculptured Madonna pondered down upon me.

I found my thoughts turning to my contemplated house; if only I could capture some of the peace of this tiny chapel; if only I could have a room where there would be such restful quiet and where I could come and meditate. And of course I almost instantly thought of the Cocktail Room and away flew my previous plans as others were born. I would make the room a place for retreat. In it I would have a prayer stool. On the wall I would hang the ebony and ivory crucifix I had bought in Italy. Here would be found a place for the ancient ikon given to me by a Russian friend, here would hang the Madonna that I had long prized. . . .

A rustle of a garment intruded upon my thoughts. Sister Catherine stood at the doorway. I rose to meet her and she took me into the sitting room where the other Sisters waited. Quickly I told them of my change of plans and as I talked I noticed a quick interchange of looks between them.

"It will be your spiritual cocktail room," cried Sister Catherine gaily and not without a note of righteous victory in her voice.

Then I realized I was the subject of an innocent plot. They had planned and prayed that this might happen.

My friends, the Sisters, were very happy that day. And so was I.

IN THE MAIL BAG

ANENT our comments on names, puns, etc., in recent issues of this Review, we received many letters. Miss Laura Benét wrote, pleased that her name is "friendly." The Cash Tag Company sent from its files a list of unbelievable combinations. An unpronounceable gentleman from Seattle (five syllables) telegraphed for a name for his new baby, expected within twenty-four hours. By way of lightening the child's load we offered Ruth, Jane, Anne, if a girl; Mark, Paul, Hugh, if a boy. "Little frogs should be called 'crocuses'" was the liked suggestion of one correspondent. And "bicarbonate of Minnesota" was only slightly sneered at as a pun. And at the beginning of a dinner our hostess said: "And now, Father, will you please say grapefruit?" Not knowing the formula, we stuck to the usual "Bless us, O Lord, etc."

L. F.

BOOKS

NEXT TO THE BIBLE COMES GROOTE

THE FOLLOWING OF CHRIST. By Gerard Groote. Translated from the Netherlandish by Joseph Malaise, S.J. America Press. \$2.50

FOR five hundred years *The Imitation of Christ* lived on this earth as a foundling, and prospered. When it was so excellent a book what difference did it make who was its father? In the sixteenth century it was ascribed to a famous man, the fifteenth-century Frenchman, Gerson. "I took my Gerson with me," said Saint Isaac Jogues as he canoeed into the Canadian wilderness. At the end of the seventeenth century it was ascribed to an obscure man, a monk of the order of the Brethren of the Common Life who died in Holland at the age of ninety-two in 1471, Thomas à Kempis. But whether of showy or obscure parentage it made its way on its own merits, entered into all languages, spoke to potentates and paupers, and gave advice to the whole world. Only the Bible was as important everywhere.

Now it has been discovered that not Thomas à Kempis but Gerard Groote is the father of *The Imitation*. This is more than a change from one conjecture to another. It is a change from conjectures to the truth. It is a change from Thomas à Kempis, the obedient member of a Religious Order, to "Gerardus Magnus" the founder of that Order, from a man who followed what was then called the *devotio moderna* to one who initiated it. But in spite of this change is not *The Imitation* really the same book as before, and why send it forth now so handsomely anew into the world, as if it were at last made important by being sponsored by a father, whom it does not need?

To begin with, this book is not precisely the same book, as the already a thousand-time printed *Imitation*, nor is it merely a new translation of it, nor one to which notes of the latest historical information have been added. When in 1921 the discovery in Lübeck of an early Netherlandish text made it certain that Groote was the author of the *Imitation*, and that A Kempis had merely translated the Dutch into Latin, it also became apparent that chapters had been deleted from the original, and that others had been added and the order changed. These changes are not improvements. They are such tonings-down as a cautious, benign and possibly common-place disciple so often thinks to be improvements. This new edition has the vigor of the shameless original. It is an English translation of the hitherto unknown Dutch. It is at last all Groote's.

And I go on to surprise myself by adding that it does make a difference in the book itself to have Groote's name on its outside, and to know it as Groote's. It makes somewhat the same sort of difference that it makes to the *Magnificat* to know by whom it was chanted and when. Groote was a fourteenth-century Dutchman whose dramatic career makes precise and poignant the words which he used. Born in 1340, the same year as Chaucer, he started off to be a flashy scholar. Then he tried to become a Carthusian. Then he tried to reform the people about him by preaching, and to establish a cure for the ills of the times in his sober, simple, Dutch, homely and admirable Order of the Brethren of the Common Life. He had a great immediate success and then a fall. What a wonderful fall because so wonderfully taken! The intrigues of the jealous forbade him to preach. He retired to a monastery of his own Order and there in heroic humility bore his cross of apparent disgrace, appealing to the Pope for justification. At the age of forty-four he died, still not justified before the world, but having ac-

cepted his sufferings with such a Christ-like spirit, that the sweetness of it was allowed by God to preach to the whole world and to all time, and to replace his little eloquence that might only have been heard at his day in Holland. Groote's meditations as he wrote them down reflect his whole career from his conversion on, and very greatly his last trial. Groote's own remembered following of Christ makes doubly eloquent to us Groote's book, his Spiritual diary, *The Following of Christ*.

DANIEL SARGENT

LITERARY GENIUS OF FRENCH SPIRITUAL WRITERS

A LITERARY HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN FRANCE, VOL. III: THE TRIUMPH OF MYSTICISM. By Henri Bremond. The Macmillan Co. \$5.75

THE English translation of the third volume of the late Henri Bremond's monumental *Histoire littéraire du sentiment religieux en France* is entitled *The Triumph of Mysticism* and is devoted to the consideration of those spiritual writers commonly known as the Oratorian School. Father Bremond begins by rejecting this title and, employing a happier phrase, calls them the French School. He finds that only the members of the Oratorian School have anything, "as regards either doctrine or method, that can be declared specifically French. The Jesuit Lallement could as well be Spanish, François de Sales Italian and Jean de Bernières Flemish; whereas Bérulle, Condren, and their indisputable disciple Jacques-Bénigne Bossuet, are French to the backbone." Bossuet is not the only celebrated name which Father Bremond subordinates to that of Bérulle. Saint Ignatius Loyola is a precursor, Saint Vincent de Paul, M. Olier, the founder of the Sulpicians, Saint-Jure and Saint John Eudes are among his disciples. This renders less surprising the author's eulogy of the school: "Suffice it that this school is incontestably the richest, the most original and fertile, of any born in the Golden Age of our religious history, meriting the proud name henceforth assigned to it in these pages—the French School *par excellence*."

In treating this theme, Father Bremond gives proof once again of his brilliant talents as a writer. He is enthusiastic himself and he knows so well how to inspire enthusiasm. His art makes the most uninviting subject-matter lovely. In books which it would be heroic to read, he unfailingly finds passages which are not only spiritual but literary gems as well, and he exploits them with an unrivaled technique. It is a source of joy and pride for a Catholic to see the spirituality of French Catholicism, decried by the superficial disciples of the superficial Voltaire, so gloriously vindicated.

Some foreigners will, perhaps, find Father Bremond's evaluation of the French School hard to accept in its entirety. He considers that Cardinal de Bérulle brought about in Christian spirituality a revolution similar to that of Copernicus in astronomy. "From Cassian down to Rodriguez, the current of our moralists followed another method less theological and less directly supernatural." It is hard to believe that for more than a thousand years before Bérulle, Christian spirituality was more or less anthropocentric and that with him it became theocentric, even though we are told that Saint John the Evangelist and Saint Paul were theocentric in their conceptions. Certainly the present work contains nothing to prove this vast generalization. There are no detailed analyses of Cassian, Bernard, Bonaventure, Ferrer or Rodriguez to show them less theocentric.

Although Father Bremond makes Saint Ignatius a forerunner and includes a chapter on "Bérullian Jesuits," he does not disguise his opinion that in general Jesuit spirituality was (and, perhaps, is) opposed to that of the French School and was consequently anthropocentric. Even true devotion to the Sacred Heart is not to be learned at Paray. It is only fair to add that the author felt that the novelty of his views would not escape criticism. He adds an appendix in which he endeavors to answer it in advance. From these explanations, it appears that what was really meant is not that the *Exercises* of St. Ignatius are anthropocentric, but that they have a different way of being theocentric.

Father Bremond insists, and quite properly, that he is not taking sides. "I am, and must be, before all else an historian." He should have added, perhaps, that he was an historian with a singularly difficult task. All will concede, I think, that when Henri Bremond undertook the delicate task of writing a history of French spirituality in modern times, much of the necessary preliminary work had not yet been accomplished. But he had not overestimated his capacities. He was in great measure successful and that success is to be attributed to his genius. It remains true, none the less, that a great deal of profitable investigation can still be done in this field. A. Pottier has proved that in his studies on *Louis Lallemand et les grands spirituels de son temps*. Other competent monographs on leaders and groups are sure to be forthcoming. The influence of foreign schools will also doubtless be studied in detail. To have been the cause of this literature on the spiritual writers of France will not be the least of the distinguished services of Henri Bremond.

E. A. RYAN

REVEALING HISTORY OF SPANISH BACKGROUND

MEMOIRS OF A SPANISH PRINCESS. By H. R. H. The Infanta Eulalia. Translator Phyllis Mégros. W. W. Norton and Co. \$3.50

HERE is a book which achieves interest and importance with no effort to do either. It is written without even the shadow of an *arrière pensée*. With simplicity, with charm, with good humor, with objectivity, Her Royal Highness narrates the story of her life.

Daughter of Isabella II of Spain, aunt of Alfonso XIII, related by marriage ties to almost every royal family of Europe, her life moves against the rich pageantry of ante-bellum dynastic Europe and on through the cataclysmic destruction of that gay, glamorous yesterday into the feverish, roily today where a new world still strives bloodily to emerge from the ruins of the old. One gathers that she was a favorite guest in most of the courts of Europe, and in those circles, as well, where intelligence, understanding, breadth were appreciated.

When time will have corroded the hard deposit of falsehood and distortion which propaganda and prejudice have laid down over recent historic events and figures, then books like this will be useful to the historian anxious to restore the real outlines of the original.

As for Spain and her present travail, we have already implied that the Infanta offers no thesis and pleads no cause. Her Royal Highness does no grinding of axes within these pages. Her brief, incisive analyses of the Spanish court and Spanish politics are, nevertheless, highly revealing. The student of Spanish affairs will, perhaps, gain more of an insight into the underlying causes of the downfall and subsequent upheaval from the pages of this book than from many a lengthy brief on the subject. There is as much honesty and truth here as there was dishonesty and untruth in the recent articles on the Spanish situation which appeared in *Fortune*. High praise indeed!

Neither the nobility, alien to every progressive idea, nor the politicians, "Liberals who liberated no one, Con-

servatives who conserved nothing," come out of these pages in good odor. A monarchy cut off from the people by a widening chasm of hard and fast tradition, by a stupid and selfish nobility, by unintelligent and fumbling politicos—there is the picture in miniature.

One is hardly tempted, as a result of the reading of this absorbing book, to shed tears over the fall of the old régime, nor to give place in one's orisons to a plea for its restoration. The great tragedy is that its fall should not have given rise to something worthier of the splendid traditions and the splendid people of Spain. Yet even here the Infanta has a balanced, tranquilizing philosophy of hope: "Experience has taught me that no crown is secure, but it has also taught me that there is nothing irremediable, fatal or final in human vicissitudes."

That is Spain's hope; the Princess Eulalia's is "that, by God's will, Spain and my kinsmen will fulfill their destinies well and nobly."

GEORGE H. DUNNE

LIVE AND BE HAPPY

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE. By Dale Carnegie. Simon & Schuster. \$2

IT is one of the great privileges of living in the Age of Science, when many great-hearted humanitarians like Mr. Dale Carnegie are abroad in the land, that we can achieve salvation by learning the proper phrases.

Everything is in books. Mr. Walter B. Pitkin, Dr. Carnegie's co-worker in the love of humanity at two dollars per heart-throb, wrote *Life Begins at Forty* some years ago. That created hundreds of thousands of healthy, happy and prosperous citizens between the control birthdays of forty and ninety-eight.

But Time marches on. And along came Dr. Carnegie and gave himself without stint to Humanity, using Mr. M. Lincoln Schuster, president of Simon and Schuster (publishers of Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy* and cross-word puzzles) as middleman.

No process of Christian mortification and painful self-regeneration is necessary, if you wish to follow Professor Pitkin and Dr. Carnegie into the Earthly Paradise. You simply study the blueprint.

Dr. Carnegie is not only great-hearted. He is also fearless. He is the very Young Wild West of the New Selfhood. The last chapter of *How to Win Friends and Influence People* is devoted to Sex Science. Dr. Carnegie's advice to married couples is simple and noble: "Read a good sex book," writes Dr. Carnegie in this masterpiece; "nine out of ten marriages go on the rocks through sexual incompatibility."

Is it any wonder that the grateful American public has already bolted down 300,000 copies of this classic?

DAVID GORDON

NAZI RELIGION REPUDIATES CHRIST

GERMANY'S NEW RELIGION. By T. S. K. Scott-Craig. The Abingdon Press. \$1.50

BEARING an explanatory sub-title, "The German Faith Movement," *Germany's New Religion* consists of statements by Wilhelm Hauer, Karl Helm, Karl Adam, competently rendered into English by T. S. K. Scott-Craig and R. E. Davies. Perhaps of greatest interest at the moment are the three papers by Hauer, the advocate of the New Religion, the German Faith, or as he would seem to prefer to call it the Germanic, or Indo-Germanic Faith, "a faith in the realities of this world, in contrast to the other—worldly piety of Christianity."

Indulging the hope that Protestants of the nation would come to him in fellowship, Hauer has found his hope shattered by Protestant repudiation of himself and his followers, and Karl Heim speaks that repudiation here. Forced to assume that from the start the Catholic Church would not and could not participate, Hauer has found his assumption verified in real actuality of opposition voiced in this book by Karl Adam. "It was the creature will of the Eternal for us that we should find the eternal foundation and the impregnable bulwark of life—and not through Jesus," (p. 83) says Wilhelm Hauer. "This is my beloved Son," says God the Father, "hear ye Him." "We protest against his being imposed on us as leader and pattern," says Hauer (p. 81). "Teach ye all nations," says God the Son. "There can thus plainly be no other guide for a man of German faith than the primal religious capacity of his nation," persists Hauer. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God" says Christ.

Heim comes to grips with Hauer and shows the pitiful inadequacy of the German Faith's notion of morality. The superb insistences of Karl Adam upon Catholic theology's guiding principles, that grace presupposes nature, that grace does not destroy but perfects nature, show that grace can make out of German human nature, better Germans. But Hauer's German New Religion knows not grace.

CAROL H. BERNHARDT

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

WHERE DWELLIST THOU? By Fr. James, O.M.Cap., M. A., Ph.D. Litt., B. Herder Book Co. \$1.25

FATHER JAMES describes his little book as an "Essay on the Inner Life." His modest claim for it is that it shows "one approach to holiness," all holiness being in its essence the same.

It is an essay—not a formal treatise—to enable the Catholic of average education to take firm and effective hold of the all-important truth that the baptised Christian really can (and must if he is to be a genuine Christian) live one life with Christ. This vital union with God, through Christ, not only in Heaven but here and now in our speckled life on earth, is shown to be "the source of peace and joy and true effectiveness."

It would seem that Father James has done a great service in publishing this book. He gives solid but palatable arguments from the greatest Doctors of the Church—such as Saints Augustine, Bonaventure and Thomas Aquinas—and supports them by the evidence of the Christian mystics, the "experts" in the interior life. He shows it lived out most persuasively by Saint Francis of Assisi who seems to have become "changed almost into another man" by the indwelling of Christ.

The book has one aim, to enkindle desire for this intimate union with God to which every Christian is invited. It is most timely for, as the author says, "emphasis on the necessity of the inner life is the desperate need of modern piety."

THE EAST WIND. By Compton Mackenzie. Dodd, Mead and Co. \$2.75

THE first of four projected novels dealing with the life of a sensitive and intelligent Anglo-Scottish youth. *The East Wind* is brilliantly written historical fiction which, if successfully completed, may very well take its place with *The Forsyte Saga* and the Clayhanger trilogy. In the present volume the fortunes of the hero, John Ogilvie, are traced from his boyhood to the beginning of his university career. There is little in the nature of spiritual and physical experience which Ogilvie misses so that at times he appears to be Anthony Adverse in a restricted middle class society. Some of his adventures appear to be unnecessarily lush, especially his affair with the mother of his Jewish school friend, Stern. Mr. Mackenzie's disproportionate emphasis on sex may per-

haps be changed in the perspective of the yet unpublished sequels in which the author promises to conduct his hero through the jungle of the last thirty-five years. But considered in itself *The East Wind* presents a partial and slightly too uncritical picture of modern life.

CHURCH HISTORY FOR THE USE OF SECONDARY SCHOOLS.
By Rev. Sidney A. Raemers, Ed. M., Ph. D. B. Herder
Book Co. \$2.25

IN this textbook of 560 pages the translator of Dom Doulet's Church History makes no show of erudition in the form either of bibliography or footnotes. Occasionally, it is true, the sources of citations are indicated in the text. The vast subject matter is divided into four periods: Early Church, Middle Ages, Protestant Revolt and Catholic Reformation, Modern Times. About the same amount of space is devoted to each. Inevitably there are omissions which will surprise some, while the emphasis placed on certain events and periods will not please all. The history of the early Church is told in the conventional way with journeys of St. Paul, ten persecutions, etc. Montanism and Gnosticism are not treated. In the section on the Middle Ages it is surprising to find that the obscure and unimportant Popes of the tenth century receive rather full treatment. Protestantism is also accorded too much space and the contemporaneous Catholic movement is not studied sufficiently.

The book is profusely illustrated, although apparently the selection of pictures was not made by the author. The book is well printed, has an index and despite its limitations furnishes schools with a Catholic textbook.

A LAMP ON THE PLAINS. By Paul Horgan. Harper and Bros. \$2.50

THE small town of Vrain among the hills and plains of New Mexico is the setting of Mr. Horgan's latest novel. It is the story of an orphan lad and the various persons and elements that moulded his life and gave form to his ambitions. As a story it is forceful, vital and interesting, and as a study of the lives and characters of several men and women, it is penetrating and effective.

The author is an unusually keen observer of the virtues and frailties of human nature, though he is inclined to emphasize the latter in his descriptions of frequent moral lapses on the part of most of the characters in the book. His exceptional power of suggestion could have been used with better effect in some of the numerous vulgar and blasphemous passages which mar too many pages. Neither art nor realism would suffer by the omission of such crude descriptive details. At times the shadows cast by the "Lamp" on the plains are vague and uncertain, but there is a hidden force in most of the brief chapters that only gifted writers can convey.

A BOOK OF THE SYMPHONY. By B. H. Haggin. Oxford University Press. \$5

AT first sight Mr. Haggin's very fine book may seem designed only for those skilled in music: for to sit down and hear through the eye what is represented in black and white by the musical score, is something that is not acquired at a single sitting. That, however, is not the author's idea in this book. The music appreciation hours now frequently heard over the radio, as well as the use of phonograph records, today place music on a wider popular plane than that comprised only of musicians and composers. And Mr. Haggin has made use of this widespread popular music appreciation to tell us something about the symphony—how it is fashioned, how the different instruments of the orchestra enter and take their various places. The practical illustration of this is narrowed down to seven composers, each with a brief musical biography. There is an interesting section on the orchestral instruments, and a useful scheme devised by the author, whereby all his musical citations may be tried out on gramophone records. A certain amount of technical language is unavoidable. Apart from that, Mr. Haggin has succeeded admirably in imparting valuable points of education to the musically uneducated.

FILMS

LOVE FROM A STRANGER. There is subtlety verging on the psychological in this absorbing film on murder as a fine art. The murderer involved, charmingly romantic and quietly mad, is capable of exciting more chilling responses than the hairy and guttural monsters ordinarily evoked to terrify the vicarious entertainment seeker. A young woman who has drawn a lottery prize quarrels with her prosaic fiancé on the point of a spendthrift holiday. Her decision to travel leads to marriage with an appealing stranger whom she later discovers to be a homicidal maniac. The restrained horror of the ensuing mental duel culminates in the sudden death, by heart disease, of the killer. Ann Harding makes an excellent appearance as the intended victim and Basil Rathbone's portrayal of the refined and sinister stranger whose mental balance depends on the music of Grieg, of all people, is superb. It is recommended to adults as a very good mystery on a superior level. (*United Artists*)

CALL IT A DAY. The all but disastrous effect of Spring fever on an engaging but highly unstable family is detailed in this film with flamboyant humor. An indulgent satire on upper-crust manners, it pokes fun at the unromantic parents who are suddenly made aware of extra-marital detours and at their precocious children in the full clamor of adolescence. The first day of Spring finds the elder daughter of the household pursuing a respectably married painter while brother embarks on the high adventure of wooing the girl next door. A younger daughter is down with a touch of Swinburne. Meanwhile, father and mother wrestle with temptation in the shapes of a designing actress and an ardent bachelor. Marriage appears to be a pertinent topic of conversation throughout, but the attitude towards it is rather impertinent. The picture's solution, however, is entirely moral and the whole affair is contrived with disarming frivolity. An excellent cast, including Frieda Inescort, Roland Young, Alice Brady, Ian Hunter and Olivia de Havilland, infuses the wire-drawn wit of the dialogue with spontaneity and frequent sparkle. It strikes a highly sophisticated pose and is best reserved for adults. (*Warner*)

MOUNTAIN JUSTICE. This is the second and more polished attempt to fictionalize a recent backwoods patricide and it is an interesting and entertaining film mainly because of its adroit production. It is, like its predecessor, the conscious champion of the city-trained daughter who kills her brutal, ignorant father with a slipper when he attempts to stop her social-uplift campaign in the hill country with a horse-whip. The girl is tried and convicted but is spirited out of the state by her attorney. The thesis of the picture, as presented from the one angle, is too obviously right and incontestable to be interesting; it loses by the absence of reasonable opposition. Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent are ably enlisted on the side of urban enlightenment and Robert Barrat unflatteringly portrays the forester primeval. The plot, on the face of it, is unpleasant and plunges headlong to ethical conclusions which are best left to adult consideration. (*Warner*)

WAKE UP AND LIVE. The interminable feud between orchestra leader, Ben Bernie, and the voluble columnist, Walter Winchell, which is the nearest the movies will approach to controversy, is the basis of this musical comedy yarn. In this instance they are contesting for a phantom tenor who makes an accidental success on the radio. There are several tuneful production numbers and Jack Haley and Alice Faye are harmoniously present in this family attraction. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

BUDDING hobo solidarity was glimpsed. The first International Hobo Congress will be held in London in August. Hoboes from the Great Powers, including the U. S. A., will wrestle with hobo problems, strive to color world thought with the hobo viewpoint. . . . Concerning the effect of names on personality growth, a psychologist revealed his findings. Children with fantastic names commence life under an unjust handicap. Names like Reginald, Percy, Hector, Percival, Ethelbert discourage acquaintances, retard formation of friendships. Appellations like Blossom, Heliotrope, Hyacinthe, Cactus, discourage suitors, frequently provoke a withering of the personality. . . . A new precedent was set up in Japan. Because he had not succeeded in life, a graduate demanded that the Imperial University return his tuition fees. The University refused to disgorge the fees, thereby establishing a precedent. This precedent will be followed by universities everywhere, it was said. . . . The tendency toward height in building invaded the field of spite fences. The world's highest spite fence is rising on a New England estate. It will soar forty-five feet into the air. Experts on spite fences divulged that the modern fashion is toward higher and higher fences. . . . The political situation mirrored a varied activity. . . . During the recent elections in Colombia, many were killed but otherwise the elections were orderly, a dispatch reported. . . . The potential connection between butcher trucks and Irish politics was illustrated when a butcher truck ran into an automobile containing Mr. de Valera. . . . As a testimonial of their affection, admirers sent Adolf Hitler a pair of giraffes for his birthday. . . . A knee-pants crisis was hinted in London. American diplomacy tends to fight shy of silk knee pants; American representatives at the coronation are expected to don them. A suggestion that plus fours be substituted was regarded as unworthy of serious consideration. . . .

Vagaries from Life: The terrific power of sudden shock. An English policeman was making house-to-house calls merely for information. A thirteen-year-old girl, alone in her home, heard the bell ring. She opened the door, saw the policeman: got St. Vitus' dance, then convulsions, was rushed to a hospital. . . . A middle-aged man in Brooklyn, a failure in life, committing suicide. Police finding him dead, holding in his hand a book: "How To Be a Success." If he only had put his trust in another one of the "Success" series: the "How To Be a Success," by God; the book usually called the Bible. . . . The last remaining city horse in Patterson, N. J., staging a sit-down strike; officials renaming him John L. Lewis. He will pull two loads of rubbish a day, sits down when a third is mentioned. . . . A Mississippi judge solemnly fining himself for overparking. . . . A seventy-one-year old Bronx resident, Persian by birth, descendant of Xerxes, running a three-mile marathon. He eats grass, sea weed, tree bark; does not expect to live beyond 155. . . . New York State Senators passing a bill limiting membership of a credit union to persons "shaving a common employer." The "s" was uninvited. . . .

O. O. McIntyre writes: "For if dogs haven't souls neither has man, and the end is extinction. So I believe." Mr. McIntyre's heaven would be a colorful one. Glorified dachshunds, bull pups, dashing through the celestial boulevards. But there would be no bones for them. . . . Hindus and Jains in India are horrified over the ox-roasting ceremonies for the coronation. Hindus worship cows; Jains worship fleas. . . . No one seems horrified that the Chinese are shooting poor lepers. They are only men. . . . Christianity sees nothing sacred in cows, fleas. She does see something sacred in lepers.

THE PARADER